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P.18

Barbara
Amiel on
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Antoinette
P.48



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THIS WEEK

columns

8 CAPITAL DIARY

Mitchell Rapaport on a crazed Question Period, Michael Ignatieff's day of Jewish apologetics, and the Hill's new interests, including the Alberta who joined the BQ

8 PAUL WELLS

Ignatieff's proposal to recognize "not one within Canada" will result in blight and a more alienated Quebec. Here we are, back at March, and it didn't take long at all.

10 BARBARA AMIEL

While Canadians busy themselves with Belinda's dogged ways, Europeans continue to struggle with their historical disasters—fascism, Communism, mass rape.

Reviews

10 THE TORY STORY

In an exclusive excerpt from his upcoming book, Paul Wells chronicles Stephen Harper's relentless quest for a Conservative-Alliance merger—and the top political office in the land.

22 CLEARING THE AIR

The environment minister's plan to cut greenhouse emissions by pumping CO₂ deep underground has industry, environmentalists and governments on board.

World

24 COVER STORY

LIFE OF SADDAM

The former dictator of Iraq may be facing the death penalty in mere weeks. An inside look at the Butcher of Baghdad, his mommy issues, how he spent his last free night, and why he's asked to be killed by a firing squad.

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MACLEAN'S

VOLUME 116 NUMBER 44, NOVEMBER 10, 2008 • SINCE 1905

2 From the Editors 4 Mad Dog

7 Seven Days

10 Interview Tony Clement talks to Kate Filion

NOVEMBER 6-13, 2008



P.65

THE BACK PAGES

6 Film

An anti-Semite from Kazakhstan is comedy's new king. Africa re-emerges as Hollywood's latest frontier (page 65).

50 Stars

You won't sell my book in Canada! Why I'm flattered

65 TV

Deportation may pass where most news shows fail: university

70 Web

YouTube won't be breaking rules. Nice guys lied.

71 Beamer

New sex shoes don't sell circles. They sell \$1,750 billion.

72 Help

Every good boy deserves a Swiss Army knife.

73 Facebook

Sensitive teenager Tyson He hugs and apologizes.

75 Recommended List

DOI A.P., NYC shoes, and Willie Nelson's latest lonesome tune

76 The End

William L. Green II (1971-2006)

Reviews

44 BEAUTIFUL LOSER

Supposedly refined and well-humoured features to his name, Canadian tycoon Paul Reichman can still move real estate prices with the moves he's making in his bidding

48 TROUBLES TO STAR

The new Bellini trout at the Toronto Star will have to increase readership and reverse Toronto's dwindling readership again while cutting costs. Hey, nobody said it would be easy

Health

47 AUTISM ATTRACTS

Attention-meth whizzes: Be careful who you have kids with. The meth-punk may play a part in the current surge of autism diagnoses.

Society

48 AN ORDINARY QUEEN

With her 350 trucks a year and poor it is no surprise Maria Antoinette was just doing her job as leader of French style. Revolution was not part of the training.

Books

51 THE WAY TO PLAY

Slipping is disappearing, along with other classic games replaced by toys that tell kids exactly what tasks to perform. The result may be a generation of automatons.

Newsmakers

52 HERE'S TO YOU, MR. H.

Rachel Hunter channels Misty Robinson, the UN's star in Sudan gets boosted for blogging about Darfur, Bono loses the spotlight to the now over Guatemala's work ethic.

54 TALE OF TWO BONOS

The UN's favorite reveals his other side, going after a former rockie who ditched his ring. Then there's his investment in a company that makes some of the world's most violent video games.

'I don't fear offending Islam as much as I fear the apathy of a Christian minority'

FACTS OR FEAR-MONGERING?

TIME EXCERPT from Mark Steyn's book *America Alone* ("The new world order," *Winnipeg Free Press*, Oct. 23) is always open to the charge that someone has twisted the quote to fit their facts, instead of playing the outreach as so many of our Western leaders and policy makers do. In Canada, we have been allowing for too many Muslims to immigrate, so-called quickly, and that needs to be addressed before we become a nation like England, France, Spain, and other European countries. Why is the reason reason I subscribe to your magazine. Keep them coming.

John Dohle, High River, Alta.

I AM SO OFFENDED on so many levels by Steyn's article that I won't even start how collegial I found it with the cover photo. Maybe it was just meant to be dramatic, but I have to say that my first impression upon seeing it upside down in my email shot of *est*. When I read the cover line, I was horrified. I thought, across our world divided config? Do we really need to make people afraid that they will lose their identity because another culture is becoming strong? I think we need to understand the cultures of the world, promote education, promote tolerance, and work together for a world that exists without war. Another thing that bothered me is that this article seemed to lack perspective. I have many Christian friends and many Muslim friends. I trust them, value them, and love them.

Jennifer Sonderegger, Kelowna, B.C.

MARK STEYN, in spite of myriad irrelevant meanderings, presents a good case for the danger of Muslims taking over Europe because of demographic. A society based on Christian and democratic secular values could therefore be really different if it based on different Muslim values, reflecting out-of-touch and free and other aspects of Islam. He makes it sound as if there should be a memorandum on scrapping any more Muslims onto Europe if Europe is a cultural entity as it生存. But Steyn is wrong to speak of continuation exhaustion in the West; people are always seeking new ideas, new ways to do things, trying to be relevant (see *Facebook*, *Twitter* etc). If foreign oil, starting to both old and new religions, and showing vigor by their pursuit of truth

is surely more vigorous to be able to participate in social choices than to passively sit what the ruler will do next. If everyone thought like Steyn, he would be right—there would be no more voices in the West because one could be more aware of others to appreciate them.

Ana Muriel, Chinguacousy, Que.



THEME Steyn is right when he says the future of Western society is in jeopardy because of demographic decline; however, I think he is wrong to say its cause is political, that is, due to the welfare state. The European Union's cause population has always been greedy and expansionist since at least the 15th century. By the 18th century, it had expanded to control not only Europe and North America but much of the world. It recruited and enslaved people to imperialism on a lot. The start of the demographic decline came in the middle of the 20th century, and it came in the form of the birth control pill. For the first time in human history we could choose to have a family and we could choose how large it would be. It is not surprising that a greedy society prefers not to be burdened with a large family. Even Canada and the U.S. would be suffering a population decline like Europe if it were not for immigration from Mexico, South America and Asia.

Peter Pidgeon, New Westminster, B.C.

VISITING MY mother in Holland in 2005, I found the parish where I learned to be an altar boy

had only two or three Masses a week, but a thriving Catholic church, but to my amazement and belief system when I saw my former Catholic grade school had become a Muslim madrasah. It featured a large four-arched crescent pointed to the outside, and a weasel with a burqa emerged from the front door. I don't fear offending Islam as much as I fear the apathy of what is becoming a Christian majority.

Jerry Dylanian, Weston, Mass.

I HAVE BEEN a long-time reader of *MacLean's* and I don't think I have ever seen such a depressing and grim article. As an Aboriginal Canadian, let me say that I feel of about oppression, and I will tell you that my people here in Canada have pretty much seen it all. Everyone I have talked to that is a different level, and I'll tell you something else: the world has seen enough in the way of repressive regimes. It's time to move away from the darkness of totalitarian ideologies of our world to a sunny being pulled into yesterday's dark age. If an extremist Muslim ideology ever descended in a fascist way upon Canada, let me tell you they would have Aboriginal Canadians to face, and the outcome would not be in their favor.

Mike Wolf, Vancouver

THANK MARK STEYN for the heads up. For sure, I will be dead and buried.

Peter J. Conroy, Lower, Ont.

I READ *America Alone* and I am now leading it to my friends and preaching from its pages to anyone who will listen. Steyn has finally put into words I've read truth, not the politically correct version, spoon-fed to us by our media, politicians and all levels of government. This book is required reading for anyone who cares about the future of Canada and Western civilization.

Colin WMB, Collingwood, Ont.

THE GLAMORIFICATION of the West is correctly attributed to demographic and birth rates, which, in turn, are excessively blamed on European ascension. To be sure, socialist Europe has its problems. But blaming our demographics and the rise of Islam on these problems is a lie. Every developed society—even the U.S.—is experiencing decreased birth rates and an aging population. It well established that those demographic are correlated

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STAR ALLIANCE



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not with socialism, but with increased education and personal freedom. This soft tact of blurring Islamic sermons on socialism is nothing more than a trick.

I CAN'T help but wonder what the birth rate would be if corporations were more supportive of work-life balance. If there was no social stigma in the workplace when a woman became pregnant. The majority of *African* women don't work and have no rights; they are expected to bear children and raise them. Did feminists lead to demographic decline? I believe this article raises some very important questions. I am of the belief that a change in attitude needs to occur in our society. The majority of *Western* women are educated and have a need for self-advancement. When children come into the picture, a woman's stress level has significantly if there was more effort from companies in truly promoting work-life balance, perhaps then we'll begin to see an increase in the birth rate.

What a nice world would be a thoughtful, well-researched article about the growth of one of the world's major faith traditions named out to be a thoughtful, fear-mongering polemicist instead. Steyn does nothing but eat at the theist, moralistic, meritocratic, arrogant-as-overstuffed-as-venus-in-the-solar-system what any attempt to understand the deeper economic and cultural tensions in Europe and elsewhere is a wrong-headed surrender to idealism. Who doesn't he mal? Anyone to the left of him ideologically is childlike. Youths are violent and unruly because, we all know, nothing of youths who eat mac'n'cheese has ever occurred.

and looked to death antibody anywhere, in all of history. Incredibly, while cleaning that Islam isn't the organizing metaphor for Africa because Africa is too tribal, the xenophobe Steyn views of violent youth in Europe, manifested solely by Islam according to him, are Maroccan and Algerian, that is, African. Moreover, Steyn ignores cultural and sectarian differences among Muslim societies to paint a fearful picture of monotheistic Islam infiltrating Western society and eroding our culture. The problem with publishing such tropes in a national magazine is that some people may actually believe it. Unfortunately for them, Steyn does not clearly state the obvious answers to the dilemma. If, as he says, it's all about demography, the solution are clear – and the best ones, quantitatively eliminate the threat, and start forcing women to be baby maidens. We're even lucky enough in Canada to have

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'What planet did Esther Perel do her research on? I'm sure there are husbands all over North America right now withholding sex. I can hear the excuses: they're tired, they haven't shaved.'



WAL-MART PARTS "well over \$8 million?" Try that at 20 hours a week, a reader says.

a government ideologically committed to the loss of those goals

Robert Morrison, Bowserville, Ont.

SEX? NO THANKS, COCOA.

FROM THE DEPARTMENT of Research Findings No One Believes, comes this from Esther Perel: "My research shows that it's often the men who withhold sex in a relationship." (Interview, Oct. 31.) I have a question that your interviewer missed: What planet did Perel do her research on? There are husbands and boyfriends all over North America right now withholding sex from their willing and ready spouses and girl friends. I can hear the excuses: they're really tired, they haven't showered and shaved, they've been stressed from losing their hooker pickup game, or the like. I have none of them from my male friends to this issue. ("I just feel we need to talk more before I'm in the mood for sex." I look forward to Perel's next book when the results that what men really want is not sex, but a nice long walk and later, a cup of coffee.

David Lee, Hanover
Readers' Forum, *Vancouver Sun*

the emphasis on that sentence, and had just had a time with Mitch's assozien that Wal-Mart pays "well over US\$8 million a year." If March wants to extend his argument, he should spend a few evenings working for one of these big retailers and try to maximize his present lifestyle. The first thought will find that because employers are required to provide a paid lunch break on a minimum two shifts, the majority of the employees of large retailers—the cashiers!—are people who are allowed no more than five-hour shifts, hence 30 hours per week at a decently hourly rate. That salary might readily fit your spending.

David Lee, Hanover
Readers' Forum

GENDER NEUTRAL, PLEASE

STEVE MATCH writes: "Sexual harassment will influence the way consumers, advertising and retailing good stuff in the mass (feminist) competitive advantage any company can hope to have." ("Canada's Top 100 employer," Special Report, Oct. 16; *Montreal Gazette*). Unless he is referring to an option held only by women who own and run businesses—not smart, women—some gender-neutral language would be appreciated.

Amy Mihalek, Etobicoke
Readers' Forum

DEATH IN AFGHANISTAN

MICHAEL KENNEDY writes these to the *assistant of pronunciation*: Afghanistan teacher Sofia Ami Jia is "a timely reminder of just

why our soldiers are fighting, and why they must stay" (*Star News*, Oct. 3). That might be true if Canadian soldiers had actually prevented her murder. For many people the media coverage correctly shows how little has changed since we invaded Afghanistan, and why our soldiers never should have gone there in the first place.

Andrew Appleby, Guelph, Ont.

DON'T DESPAIR. The world is taking notice. More in Europe we normally hear little of what Canada is up to in its mission for my subservience to Macmillan. But the reasoning behind the news on German radio that two Canadians had died in an ambush in Afghanistan, bringing the death toll to 42, I tend to condescend and support Germany's inaction because it is also struggling with the dichotomy between the importance of digging in Afghanistan and that of preserving its soldiers. The need here is, to quote a German saying, "Wehrlos bin ich nicht getrotzt"—it is important to fight in Afghanistan but pain only increases to lose soldiers there. I hope we will still soon accept the responsibility instead of avoiding it.

Robert Morrison, Northville, Germany

SPOUSAL UPGRADES

A GOOD OLD GIRL may learn her hair deflates against the puffedness of grey divorce ("Happy retirement: I want a divorce," Oct. 31). Let's do the math. If 30 years is an estimate of wife tolerance, a spouse upped after 20 might just do the trick. A fortifying matron should be looking for a previously unmet need: something woman, preferably chocolate. Along with the obvious beautiful younger woman, she should come with a full tank of wife tolerance. If that runs out after 30 years, he's in his 60s and can get everything he needs in a retirement community. This is Plan B and he can afford it because he left his wife with half the earnings and remitted the remainder of his earnings and position in the new one. Plan A is that a new wife sticks around. She will probably stick him because of age and gender and will inherit whatever she hasn't spent already. At 62, married 15 years (in writing) and retired, my options are limited to the laundry, the dishwasher and anything my pH and q's. (Steve LeFleur, Scarborough, Ont.)

CRAIG HODGSON/HOYA HABITAT

PHOTO BY ANDREW WATSON FOR STAR



7 DAYS
10 AM - 10 PM

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF YOHANE BANDA

—Last week, when Malawians demanded law enforcement to adopt David Banda, a one-year-old Malawian boy, the child's father, Vulture, publicly supported the arrangement and called onites Internet on challenging the process to back off. On Monday, however, Banda, who is illiterate and speaks no English, said he had not realized he would be relinquishing his child "for good." Malawian officials drop his new claim, assuring he had understood every detail of the process.

Good news

All together now

Sort, it appears that the United Nations can't get its act together regarding North Korea and its stated war ambitions, but that's not surprising: the UN is already toothless. According to Dr. David Nabarro, head of the UN's efforts to combat bird flu, the organization has been responsible for preventing a worldwide pandemic the deadly H5N1 strain of the virus. Since 2003, 151 people have died of bird flu, according to the UN, and only continued vigilance by the world community and changes to the poultry industry will prevent a more serious outbreak in the future. Although science seems to suggest that the threat of bird flu was significantly overstated in the first place, it's reassuring to know that there is at least one thing we can all agree on.

Who's the dog?

Women, who remain badly under-represented in politics, can take heart from ones illustrating senior politicking is on the way up. In Canada, Foreign Minister Peter MacKay recently offered off-handedly suggesting his opponent and former girlfriend Linda McDonald is a dog, while John Sparrow, a Labour politician's maternal candidate in New York, took a look behind his dappling Hillary Rodham Clinton's appearance and claimed she's undergoing "millions of dollars" worth of plastic surgery. Both men seemed suspect denials of their plainly dog-like marks, prolonging the bad press and looking abashed in the process. A lesson, in short, for the new learners among our male politicians: playing the gender card these days will only make you look like a jerk.

Right on target

A generic test that will allow doctors to determine which drugs will be most effective in fighting an individual's cancer—the definition of "personalized" medicine—has begun—a chance trial with 320 breast cancer patients is scheduled for early 2007. Preliminary results from researchers at Duke University found the test, which maps the molecular structure of tumours, to have an 80 percent success rate at predicting the best type of chemotherapy.

FACE OF THE WEEK



THE TIMELESS BLUES: Aspinwall U.S. President George W. Bush arrives at Andrews Air Force Base near Washington

Creative incentives

Albertans facing long waittimes for the caps-and-things they're trying to pick up at a pharmacy. New changes to the Traffic Safety Act allow police to issue tickets when someone is formally charged. These fixed garnishments will give a choice—participate in an alternative incentives program like "John school" or hand over the keys for good. Manitoba has been一族ing offenders under a similar law since 1999. Saskatchewan since 2001. An incentive program of sorts, and at times so well-managed it's returned to their real-world owners.

OTTAWA SENTINEL

Bad news

Semantic difficulties

An Ontario judge struck down a provision of the federal Anti-Terrorism Act this week, ruling that its definition of "terrorism" violates the Charter of Rights. The ruling is a general victory for Maia Hassan, Moyini Khawaja, 27, the first Canadian charged under the act. Khawaja, who has been in custody since his arrest in 2004, will face seven criminal charges that allege he offered support to an extremist organization in the U.K. from the start.

The end of innocence

The period of time in which that darn are allowed to exist has been breached by solid problems is growing shorter year by year, study published in the *Journal of Epidemiology and Community Health* is recommending that, because children are reaching puberty earlier, they're caught even younger about substances such as sex, tobacco, booze and crack. "The phenomenon when children are developing and coming into adulthood and when information is dispensed is the longest it's ever been," says Dr. Mark Bellis, one of the authors of the report. "This window, it's getting, less adolescents unarmored at a crucial moment."

Bedecked

No sooner had Mahatma Gandhi died, the Indian president, who supported that George W. Bush is inspired by Satan (cf. Venezuela's Hugo Chávez), than Rev. Jerry Falwell, had the devil tag to Hillary Rodham Clinton, claiming that Lucifer himself couldn't "overcome evangelical conservatism again." A new government report, leaked this week to *Newsweek*, warns that the conditions that led to the riots in October 2005 haven't changed: the devil will have to change, myself. ■

MITCH RAPHAEL ON IGNATIEFF'S 20-MINUTE WOОING WORKOUT AND RIDING-BASHING MPS

IGNATIEFF ON HIS KNEES

On the day it was announced that MP Gersh Turner was being axed from the Tory caucus, the 190 media were out in full force ready to descend on Ottawa to see who would speak their minds about MPs' spending their mouths. While most of the Conservatives were able to quickly scurry out of the House after Question Period to avoid the press, one Tory was an easy target.



PETER VAN LOON, TORONTO STAR

gtr: Ontario MP Peter Van Loan (York-S辛西) sits stunned as he watches the press mercilessly crush him over his failed bid to hold away. Fortunately, this week Michael Ignatieff's legs were in top shape. Capital Journalist says that because he was too exhausted down on his knees bending over to kiss Sesia Sussman, the Opposition leader, in the Opposition lounge, hugging the MP for Thornhill to reconsider and support him. (Sussman resigned as co-chair of Ignatieff's Toronto campaign over the Liberal leadership candidate's concerns about Israel) commenting on her critics in Lebanon.) One observer said Ignatieff "wasn't in pretty good shape because he was down there for so long. The riding back strength had lapsed after 20 minutes. Sussman says she is cur-

rely mauling over which other Liberal leadership candidate she will support.

AN ALBERTAN JOINS THE BLOC

Ten new MPs yesterday started on the Hill as part of the Canadian Political Science Association's Postdoctoral Internship Programme, which has been in effect since 1969. These interns are highly sought after by MPs, who do not have to pay the cost of their own lodgings. This year we got to interview 150 candidates, the one they'd like to work for. Pug war? NDP MP Deon Black was able to sign up a record number from the program. Territories: former Saskatchewan MP, who rallied the British Columbia MPs' approach to her defence and peace advocacy portfolio. Alberta Jason

Evans is returning to the Bloc Québécois MP Virginie Barbe. "When would I ever get a chance to work for the Bloc?" explains Evans, who was impressed that Barbe stayed closer to federal foreign affairs minister Pierre Pettigrew than the last election. For her part, Barbe liked that the Alberta remained that he was under oath to keep politics matters confidential. "I was outraged because I'm there," she says, adding that she tried to let him do serious work in the office and not just sit around. "It doesn't work here to be a plant," said the MP, who has been known to use language



DEON BLACK can't wait to do his tulip flower chutzpah

playfully in the past. As for the MPs who did not get an intern, perhaps there's a lesson for that. When the interns asked some MPs if they would be allowed to sit through the MP's travel points, most parliamentarians joined their robin's beaks, but a few responded with, "Why would you want to go there?" No riding tulip beds were named due to the interns' lack of sourcey

THE TULIP BEDS OF THE NATION

Last week, the National Capital Commission placed its annual tulip beds in front of Parliament. This year's variety are red Canadian Liberian tulips, comments

orating Canadian troops serving the Netherlands in the Second World War. Then thousand tulips were planted on the Hill—so far there's no mention of tulips planted by the Conservatives. "The government has no business in the tulip beds of the nation," quipped Treasury Board President John Baird. This year, Gravel still set up new Christmas light displays sponsored by Hame Hirshvogel, which is providing the NCC with 100,000 LED lights and another 100,000 next year. The new LED lights consume only 10 per cent of the electricity of regular bulbs, will last for 35 seasons, and are mounted in a hand plane. This has made the NCC's chief landscape architect, Gérald Lajemaine, who says he carefully puts lights in flower beds, comment that he wants to close off glass bulb beds, which are being phased out. And more than 10 per cent of the cold bulbs would melt each year when they were taken down. Christmas decorations go up in October. ■



ON THE WEB: For Ottawa updates visit www.canadianews.ca/capitaldiary

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. LARSEN

When wooing Quebec, all roads lead to Meech



PAUL WELLS

The blackmail has already begun. On the weekend, the Quebec wing of the federal Liberal Party passed a resolution calling for Quebec to be recognized as a nation within Canada. Not a "minority society"—a nation, "A veritable revolution in the federal philosophy of Pierre Trudeau's heirs," André Pratte wrote in *Le Presse*. But he warned, "every authority ends at the mil."

The resolution of the Quebec wing will face a vote at the Liberals' national convention in December. Some people may not agree that Quebec is a nation, or that it is the only one in Canada, or that only a Quebec nation can recognize Quebec's distinct society. These people must be allowed to carry the day. Pratte wrote, "Quebec federal Liberals must at all costs avoid letting the resolution be defeated in the Montreal convention. That would be a prime lesson for Ottawa to Quebec."

The blackmail is unassimilable in its general and well-known context. It always is. Here we are, back at Monk Lake, and it didn't take long at all.

The problem with Meech, as those of us who were in the country in 1989 and 1990 will recall, was not that it sought to recognize Quebec's distinct society. It was that Meech's supporters sold it as an attempt to render Canada acceptable to Quebec—argue that, if ratified, would demonstrate Canada's viability for Quebec. So the various branches of various country groups put an hold for three years while the country's constitutional industry attempted to thread an impossible needle. In French they were that "recognition" would help the growing uncertainty in Quebec's hearts. In English they said it would mean nothing.

Michael Ignatieff, the sorceror's apprentice who restored the old days, has been working overtime to thread the same needle. After the weekend meeting of the Liberal's Que-

bec wing, he basked in the best reviews he has ever enjoyed from his Quebec colleagues, for his "openness." "Michael Ignatieff sealed his Quebec advantage," Chantal Hébert wrote in *Le Devoir*. "He will arrive at the convention as the head of the largest Quebec delegation and as champion of a concept whose rapport in Quebec largely exceeds the limits of his own persons."

In *Le Presse*, Viviane Marziali wrote that, unlike Ignatieff, poor Stéphane Dion "won't

know" and when Quebecers finally learn the answer to their question, will that be a good day for Canada?

Let's pause for some relevant orthography. I've become a bit of an Ignatieff critic. It happened last and I don't like it. Continually taking issue with one catch-all position is boring and repetitive. But I am stuck with the material, and the mechanics in the sales job for Ignatieff's constitutional policy is not a superficial matter of spin. It's inherent in Ignatieff's thinking. "To recognize Quebec and Aboriginal peoples—as nations within the fabric of Canada—is not to undermine new nationalism," Ignatieff writes in his policy book. "Nor is it a prelude to further devolution of power." And then, extrapolating, he writes that after some undefined period of time, what, negotiation or mediation or some thing, Canadians will be asked to ratify "new national institutions.... The details that must be reconciled in a constitutional settlement come along."

So redefining Quebec and/or the Aboriginal nation will be a prelude to anything except a new constitution. Is this as on as many other (and some were entire and had little), does Michael Ignatieff, armed only with his

Some people may not agree that Quebec is a nation, or that it is the only one in Canada

ability to respond to the pressing need for agreement among members of the Liberal Party of Canada?"

But you know, it's a funny thing. In English, I've long told Ignatieff's policy is encouraging Stephen Harper, a Liberal from British Columbia, to tell the CBC that recognizing Quebec as a nation would mean "showing a lack of respect" to the nation's—oops, sorry, Canadian—government.

And here's an enigma myself that I find Davis, Ignatieff's "national director of policy and strategic strategy." Both Jack and Diane have said constitutional folks are particularly in our favour," Davis writes. "Ignatieff has said the same."

Well, which is it? Is Ignatieff keeping his word for a unique opposition to Quebec's reality, or is he using "the issue" as his oppo-

CH. THE WEB: For more on Paul Wells, visit his blog at www.dailysocial.ca/dailysocial

All that dog talk caught me at a bad moment



BARBARA AMIEL

Happy is the land whose parliament can decide whether or not the foreign minister called his colleague and Tory mentor a "dog" during the acrimonious debate on libel laws to debate in liberal democracies? "Chilling," and Belinda's stomach in the room in "dismayed" an apology for the use of [my] the dog word. "Shocking and obviously disgusting," said Liberal MP Mark Holland, asking for an apology not only to Belinda but all women in general—clearly a ladies' issue for our times.

Our brave foreign minister immediately denied the off-hand nature of what anyone to take cold shower. One would have thought Ms. Scratches about demanding an apology from her former boss after she'd done us harm, but the woman is above very little. Sadly Michael Ignatieff did not make most of his felicitous comments.

Happy, indeed, is the land as unapologetically spoiled by the usage of past tense. Blame the European to me for the disproportionate anger I feel when I see our parliamentarians behave like this, even though the man will be remembered in Canadian history. It was not the fault of Mr. MacKay or Ms. Scratches that they sought a bad moment. They happened to be reading the Second World War diary of a German woman in Berlin while they were fighting the War of the Dog circa 2006. Nor did two parliamentarians deliberately plan their flout against the backdrop of the 200th anniversary celebration of the Hungarian revolution. But a lot of history now and then does make one grateful for the beauty and diversity of Canada, and irritated beyond measure at those who use their privilege of being a parasite's parliamentarian coverage in such an atmosphere.

It was at this point that I started to write one of these "if Canada had suffered one-tenth of Europe's losses that world never hap-

pened," but on reflection, coming in from Europe I learned little from their tortured history.

Virtually every country in eastern Europe that suffered under Communism has subsequently elected semi-Communist governments at one point. Hungary has done it twice in a row, and even as they celebrate the bicentennial of the Oct. 13, 1956 uprising, they are casting at the streets against the descendants of the Communist party—now democratically elected. Hungarians may be angry after having heard the taped conversation of Socialist Prime Minister Ferenc Gyurcsany (formerly leader of the Young Communist League), admitting to his critics that he "led marching, arm and night" to get elected, but Hungarians know exactly who they were marching. The previous socialist prime minister Péter Medgyessy was shot at D-109 in the interior police station.

Western Europe hasn't learned much either. A woman in Berlin is a diary of eight weeks from late April 1941 to mid-June 1945. The anonymous author is reported to be a German journalist who died in 1945. She lived in Berlin when the victorious Russians arrived. Her account of those days of division Russians raping virtually every woman in sight many times over should speak for your power.

The book reinforces my belief that when some awful nightmare like mass rape hits everyone around you, rather than you alone, it makes it more bearable, if also less useful. One is relieved of the psychology.

Mark Holland asked for an apology to all women, clearly a ladies' man for our times

calitudes of "why not?" Rewriting a narrative in its detail, and one can almost smell the stinking breath of drunk Russians. Just why Russians or Germans are particularly prone to rape and sadism is beyond their sober and restrained behaviour—often after the alcohol but exceedingly mean before. Drunkenness is a mystery.

When the book was first published in the mid-1980s, reaction was either silent or negative. Some damned the naivete of Russian brutality in Cold War propaganda; Germans seem to have thought the book disrespected German men and women. Whatever the reaction, it stuck. The so-called "eastern debate" in Germany—the 1980s changed the climate. The book reached the now-famous respect for German victims.

The author's remarkable eye for detail reinforces the claim she was a journalist. Still, if she was working as Berlin during the war,

she was working for the Nazis, which means she was employed writing some sort of propaganda. The book's meat speaks for itself, but one would like to know a little more about her not to throw light on those philosophical reflections that are so evocative or ominous.

She writes that she has experienced hell slavery, puritanism and fascism close up, and there are "substantial differences," but then blithely writes that those differences are "monotonous of form and occasion." What moral space that! Her Derridean-like view that everything in the world has a fixed quantity, thus giving it set sensations of postmodernist, is a building block for what seems to be a moral equivalence, leading to her naked.

She has the current fashion in the West to point to the "barbarism" of the Hitlerites and the Allies' carpet bombing as evidence of



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HUNGARY'S PARTY CRASHERS

Celebrations in Budapest marking the 50th anniversary of the uprising against the Communists were marred by violent demonstrations while the opposition party, angry at the PM who was caught lying on tape, boycotted the official events and held its own rally.

- 1 A protest in Budapest faces a line of riot police on Monday
 - 2 An injured protester is led away
 - 3 Riot police use water cannons
 - 4 Thousands gather for a march through Budapest
 - 5 Demonstrators drive an old military vehicle toward riot police
 - 6 Hungarian PM Ferenc Gyurcsany and EC President Joschka Fischer leave the university at the Hungarian Open Hall
 - 7 Soldiers march in a celebration at the parliament building
 - 8 Generating a statue that represents freedom fighters from World War II
 - 9 Marianne looks those who died with an emotional performance





'It's not about what Stephen Harper wants or what I want—85 per cent of Canadians want a wait times guarantee'

TONY CLEMENT, FEDERAL MINISTER OF HEALTH, TALKS TO KATE FILLION ABOUT BENCHMARKS, INNOVATION, AND WHAT HIS MOTHER TAUGHT HIM

Q When you were Ontario health minister from 2001 to 2004, you called for more federal funding. Now you're the federal minister of health and you don't want to give the provinces any more money. What's changed?

At the time I was conscious of the irony, but there's been a big change. The 2004 health accord that was agreed to by all of the provinces and the prime minister of the day, Paul Martin. It gives a lot more money to the provinces, \$41 billion over 10 years. There's a six per cent inflation rate per year, which takes into account health care inflation. If I had had that kind of extra cash coming in from the federal government, I wouldn't have been complaining.

Q So you oppose the Martin government's handling of health care. Maybe there's not that big a difference between Harper and Martin on the issue?

At Stephen Harper, as Opposition leader, did endorse the accord. The main difference is that we do want to move forward with the wait times guarantee.

Q How much will Harper need to agree to cover a guarantee?

At \$4.1 billion extra not enough? I don't think anyone in their right mind would say it's not. We're spending \$18 billion a year on public health care right now.

Q But in the accord, the provinces agreed only to decentralize, not guarantees.

A To me, they're two sides of the same coin. A benchmark means you've streamlined a clinical time within which a patient should receive a health care service. If we have a one-week benchmark for a particular service, we can't then not ensure we meet it. That would be ridiculous, callous and self-serving.

Q Well, a benchmark is a goal, while a wait times guarantee is a consequence. And the provinces would get guarantees and cost more money, as well as consequences, because they'll have to keep operating rooms open longer, run additional MRI tests and so forth to deliver.

A I would disagree. If you manage the list better you don't have to spend more. You know, Dr Brian Postl was appointed by the provinces to look at wait times, and he said part of the solution has to be that doctors pool their lists, so we don't have this side effect with each individual doctor keeping his or her list without a free flow of patients among those doctors. Those are management issues.

The other thing is that you're starting to see significant investments in information technology, electronic health records and medical records, and that will help on a number of fronts. It will help track the patient better so if she isn't lost in the shuffle, and it will also help reduce medical error, which is a risk in the system because of, let's say, non-wait handover, and different types of databases not talking to one another.

Q Is the Constitution Act flexible in a clearly provincial jurisdiction? Why do northbound provinces agree to create guarantees that

the federal government wants, especially since they don't share your view that \$41 billion is enough?

A It's not about what Stephen Harper wants or what I want—85 per cent of Canadians want a wait times guarantee, so we really have to respond. And the last thing Canadian want is different jurisdictions squabbling with one another. There is a Canada Health Act, there are federal transfers to the provinces on health care, and there's a federal minister. So let's get beyond the who's-trumping-who's-their-patch times, and actually get some work done, together, for the people we represent.

Q Are we going to move out of the wait a national guarantee or are there going to be differences between provinces?

A As I think eventually you've got to move to a national guarantee, as Canadians know that for specific procedures they're being treated the same across the country.

Q People think wait times have dropped off the government's agenda. The after-day Chantal Hebert wrote in the Toronto Star that you're "enjoying a life of semi-retirement."

A I think federal politics can be called a life of semi-retirement! I said from the outset this was going to have a longer than the other [federal] premiers, because they could be delivered with a budget or a bill in Parliament, and this is going to take years. By the end of 2007, we're expecting each province to signal that they are ready to move forward on certain wait times guarantees. By the end

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TO ALL-UP

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THAT LIE
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of 2008, we expect to see the start of implementation of those guarantees. And there will be a parliamentary review in 2008, so if that's the time to take stock of what's working and what isn't working, the whole act has also, I'm suggesting, in the wait times guarantee as well.

Q. What's made progress fast?

We have made progress in Quebec. Manitoba declared wait times guarantees to be not within its powers to enact and constitutional lawyers. We're seeing some serious experiments to reduce wait times, like the joint replacement project in Alberta which reduced wait times by 60 per cent. My role is to keep pushing, keep advocating, keep leveraging where I can.

Q. One of the ways Alberta cut their wait list was to say older people are ineligible for certain types of surgery. Do you think that's the model, that if you are too much over age, it's not too much, you shouldn't be eligible?

As I was reflecting on that, and the moral of the story is that they did nothing that was contrary to the Canada Health Act. They managed it differently, and they cut the wait times significantly. Is it perfect? No. I think you find out what worked and what didn't work, and you do better the next time around.

Q. How much responsibility do individual Canadians have to look after their own health?

As I see it, there's a libertarian argument that's nose of the man's business, but when a lot of tax money goes to health care, it is everyone's business. Look, I'm not perfect. I have also of course looked myself, for chocolate. But those Canadians know what's good for them. It's not rocket science.

Q. What kind of recourse will patients have if a wait times guarantee isn't met?

As it is of the "let sleeping dogs lie" philosophy because we're moving into a new frontier and I don't want to be dogmatic. It could be that a patient manager of some sort kicks in, who says, "Look, I know you expected to have your procedure done in six weeks, but you'll have to wait eight weeks at your local hospital, so we're going to look around the province, or region to find you a better turnaround time." It could be some sort of appeal process, similar to but more robust than the one that's already available in several provinces. Because, to me, means that you're not left stranded in a system that doesn't care what you get the services in a timely manner or not. You just don't think that's acceptable, and the Supreme Court of Canada is saying the same thing. The Overall decision really did change the complexion of the health care debate in Canada.

Q. But the decision, which essentially said that part of the province isn't providing services quickly enough the patient can't sue those elsewhere and the province has to pay, is more than a year old. And it's not really being enforced, is it?

As it's a problem. And there's now a new case out in Alberta where a patient wants Goliath-type rights. We're going to see more of this type of advocacy if we simply do nothing.

Q. When you were running for the Conservative leadership federally, you talked a lot about innovation in health care, and there were mentions that "innovators" isn't a code word for privatization. But isn't it really only for "you are obviously delivering more patient-centered care"?

A. Innovation is in the eye of the beholder. In medicine health care is to be available in the future in a sustainable manner, we are going to have to look at scopes of practice, making sure that each medical professional can practice to the fullest extent of his or her training. That isn't happening. When you say, "Gee, maybe that registered practical nurse should be doing a little more," the registered nurses get upset. And when you say, "Gee, maybe this nurse practitioner should be doing a little bit more," the family physicians get upset. So the toughest thing when it comes to innovation is not money, it's getting everybody to play to the audience. And the tough message is that the health care system ultimately cannot be about the you value. This is to be about the patient. Listen, no therapist is any provider, but for goodness sake, if we're worried more about what the provider will think of our funding versus what the patients will think, we're losing way from a better health comparison. At the same time, you have to move forward on innovation in a way that providers feel included. That's a difficult balancing act.

Q. Speaking of balancing acts, as health minister, do you wish you'd thrown your support to the Ontario Conservative leadership over John Tory's new found number of flaws, rather than Jim Flaherty?

As my mother taught me, "if it's bad, there were candy and nuts, every day would be Christmas." And so I don't feel like that. We have an extraordinarily strong working relationship.

Q. You made very personal remarks on your wife once, during that race. How did you

mean the fence?

As life is too short to hold grudges. When you look at Jim Flaherty and me, how passionate we are about politics, and quite frankly the enormous sacrifice we've made for it, we have a lot more in common than we do apart. Don't forget Jim and I had a reconciliation two years ago, because he was one of my emotional co-chairs when I ran for the leadership of the federal party.

Q. You lost four elections in a row and was the field by just 18 votes. Why are elections so tough for you?

A. I don't think we can assume without a God-given right to be in politics. You're



I have a bit of a sweet tooth. But most Canadians know what's good for them. It's not rocket science.'

style decisions for all sorts of reasons, or they may make a decision for reasons at all, and all of it is valid. If you start to take it personally, you should go out, very quickly, because you're going to be miserable. The good news, for me, is that if you've been having this conversation a year ago, the question would be what makes you think you can possibly be reimbursed in politics? A year ago, most people would be laughed if you'd told them I'd be health minister. As Keith Richardson, "It's great to be here. It's great to be anywhere!" ■



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER aboard his plane. A journey from an idealist but frustrated writer to a commanding, practical politician.

INSIDE THE MIND OF STEPHEN HARPER

How an impatient novice learned to play the game—and take power

BY PAUL WELLS

STEPHEN HARPER'S BRIGHT FUTURE Since he became the young policy director of the Reform party after its founding convention in 1987, and especially after his and other Reform candidates won their seats in Ottawa in the 1993 election, Harper has been like those flowers that appear in your field of vision on a bright morning day. What are these things, anyway? Don't know? Don't worry? No way to tell. You can stop looking there, but every time you try to actually *see* them, they're still there.

his Liberal government were financially stable, but he was good on economics, the subject he had studied at the University of Calgary, and on Quebec questions, the file having been assigned by Preston Manning, Reform's founding leader.

Harper's own "French-ness" was a bone buster. If chosen, a tall, bushy-eyebrowed Saskatchewan premier named Lee Morrison, declared his maiden speech in the Commons that "the government that is a 'francophone'—the word and proud of it!—is really one of the best read, fluorant, and most well-educated MPs in the Commons. But he left us all behind." Art Haigier was oddly fastidiously dressed by comparison. Daniel Johnson showed up in a shiny tuxedo and a bow tie, and he was the only one who could make a show of being folksy and down home. Didn't take any show at all, really. He spoke plain old French.

bold, uncompromising, keep him the Commons door and challenge his political opponents so fiercely.

the great day come. It wasn't just a ruse, Harper said; they actually believed the world was supposed to help them with their little project. It was an compact a conge of rep-
resentatives as any I'd heard.

All of these characteristics made Harper the first oil before his first Ottawa report during the Kim Campbell government. And when we call, Harper would stay up all night. In fact, when Harper is up all night at Manning's state biography. Think big, it is often because Manning is complaining about what a slap-jawed group his young charge could be. Harper knew Manning's behavior for national campaign director in 1993. Rick Anderson, "He was prepared to sit his objects with the media," Manning writes. In 1994, Manning came under fire for alleged abuse of his expense account. Harper faced the charge of critics. "Even though press conferences costed for handling my employees about the use of party funds," Manning writes, "Stephen went to the media."

Toddy, almost no MP serving under Harper would dare mouth off to reporters as freely as he did. If it's any defense, Harper's amateurism wasn't unnoticed. It was noted. When he quit the Reform caucus in 1997, he was generally lauded with electoral politics. And if the truth be told, he was getting pretty good at it, too.

In fact, in trying to understand Harper's career, it helps to split it into two parts, with the dividing line running through 2006, when he decided to take a run at the Canadian Alliance leadership. A player in 1993-94

Every once in a while throughout the first year, the young Harper quips, snorts out, chews down, or complains about how everyone else is such a disappointment. In the instant, he decides to do the work—and impose the discipline—and, yes, make the compromises that will advance his goals in an uncertain world. The chapter of Art II is less sensible, less belligerent, less granularly weary of every other political voice in Canada, so in every way he's a lot less fun. But he is also incorporate more nuance, sophistication—and much more politically plausible.

It's not, he called the Alliance "a permanent institution that here to stay." But apparently that was all just talk for show. Because it turned out

at Harper's first order of business was a frantic attempt to reach out to Clark's PCs. He becomes Alliance leader on March 26, but resigns just three weeks later, on April 16, naming down with Dark horse in talk of a split between the Alliance and Bates, a老人 raising a question about Bates' future, but not enough to dissuade Harper. Three days after the meeting, Harper writes an op-ed article urging Progressive Conservatives to rejoin. And three weeks after that, on May 13, he upscale House Conservative giving his maiden speech in Parliament. And when she speaks about an important issue, it's all about what we'll pay for it.

His intensive problem-solving that the sister he cared for most, Taryn, was guarded day and night by Clark, who viewed Harper as a most unworthy sister.

In hindsight, there's a genuine dialogue here to Harper's attempts to find some accommodation with the Tories. You could hear it in that maiden speech as the Companion to Canadian Affairs leader. It began as an attack on the Chrétien government's performance in trade disputes with the Americans over farm subsidies and softwood lumber.



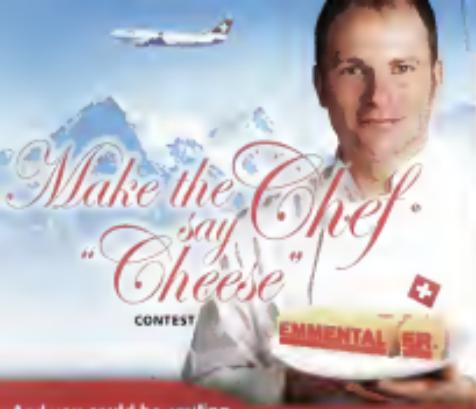
HE CAMPAIGNED AGAINST A MERGER, THEN IMMEDIATELY REACHED OUT

Clearly the party Stephen Harper resigned from in 1987 was much embittered, 11 years later. But then, the written record shows that had been for a while.

When he was the Allende leadership's paper and he didn't respect the party, he'd ban him around long enough he could print a plow that where it could contend resolutely on power?" And a consistent theme of his writing in exile was that Reform-style populism conservatism couldn't really control power in Chile. Which is why that reading out to Fragmented Conservatism, one way or another, would be inevitable. And not only they

"Along the Trans-Canada Highway from Calgary to Banff lies a prominent mountain called the Three Sisters," Harper and Sean Curran had written in a 1997 article for *Canadian Travel + Leisure*.





NATIONAL

ber Harper rebuffed a familiar complaint, that Chrétien hasn't bothered to build the sort of close personal relationship with George W. Bush that would give Canada any leverage at all. Then Harper took a surprising turn instead: "Where do we go from here?" he asked. "Or that's it? We'll make a very controversial observation: When it comes to United States-Canada relations, the government has much to learn from former prime minster Brian Mulroney."

The Alliance leader, the man who had quit Mulroney's party four years after Mulroney became its leader, made it clear he was offering only a partial endorsement. "I can critique his free record; I can critique his historical priorities, and I can critique his approach to government reform and national unity," he said. And yet, "Under Mr. Mulroney, Canada-United States relations were infinitely better than they are now."

Of course it was a worryingly self-serving argument. It neglected the obvious ingratitude of party affiliation: Canada-U.S. relations had been quite good when Chrétien's friend Bill Clinton was president. Nor had the presence of a Conservative in the PMO done any good for Canada-U.S. relations when the Conservative was John Diefenbaker and the president he faced, John Kennedy, was a Democrat. But so what? Harper seemed to smile a peace pipe with Mulroney's party alumnus in tow to urge closer relations with the Bush White House. "Frankly," he told Maclean's reporter John Geddie afterwards, "I'm making a political point."

And he found a taker. John Flavelle, the young PC MP for Sud-Ouest Royal, New Brunswick, jumped up to put a question to Harper. "A very solid speech," Flavelle said. Would Harper be willing to concede "that some of the virile and visceral language utilized by members on the ride against the Mulroney administration... might have been just a little over the top?"

Harper didn't flinch. There were indeed things to say about the Mulroney legacy. And then he pivoted. He turned on the horns of a dilemma. "I challenge the honourable member to evidence this legacy by walking away from the party that has now enthroned David Orchard and the current anti-free trade position. I challenge him to walk away from that kind of position and instead enforce our offer of a full coalition here."

It wasn't remembering that that was May of 2000. The deal with Orchard that would cement Peter MacKay's leadership of the PCs was almost precisely a year in the future. So Harper was rehashing his ultimatum to the Tories—unless Orchard or Rick will mea-
gure before it made any real sense. You can see this happening. Just, in his attempts to

Quebec voters. He's starting to make his pitch early that he looks a little silly. But that means only that when the moment really comes, he has already laid serious groundwork.

IN LATE SUMMER THE FOLLOWING YEAR, rumours about merger talks had leaked to the newspapers. Geoff Noycey, a veteran PC strategist who worked for Mulroney, was Googled and Clark couldn't believe what he read one morning. *Megacity!* It was news to him. Noycey had a regular slot as a talking head on *Dan Newman's Afternoon Show* on CBC Newsradio. To his astonishment, he got a call from Stephen Harper shortly before heading over to the studio. Noycey hardly knew Harper. He'd spent less than the amount of his talking to him at that point, mostly in elevators. Now he was saying: "Geoff! It's Stephen Harper. These rumours of negotiations? Please don't dismiss them out of hand." Uh, sure. Whatever. When Newman raised the question, Noycey regard the peak for a few seconds but then aged not to say anything can have.

In fact, the first discussions had progressed. The next day, Harper and MacKay had a meeting at the PMO. MacKay had one more card to play. "Just as if Harper had had one and leads to newspapers to make clear his disavowal from Preston Manning, now he used them to strengthen his bargaining hand with the Mulroney team. "The point of all the way along would have been to get the point across to the Alliance that, 'This is not bad advice. Go to force them to take a position that they thought we would never accept.' So if the Conservative negotiating team edged closer to a deal in a closed-door session, or hinted at a principle that might make bargaining easier, they'd read about it, on their assassination, in the *Globe* or the *Post* a few days later. "It's sort of the way that Stephen generally operates. So he would make a little bit about how one person, one voice will represent a house, and it was a hallmark of the Reform party, and everything else he stood for." This position would probably appear in a newspaper or television report. "So then the Tories would go, 'No, no, we absolutely insist on some sort of regional vote.' And he'd go, 'Yeah, okay fine, I'm good with that.' And then they'd agree."

"So we would either leak something to hold them to it, or Stephen would fear an idea that they would try and hold him to that part of his strategy was, they would come back and say, 'Well, if I have to be that,' thinking he would never negotiate. Which of course he would. Because the caucus could finally accept anything."

It almost failed a dozen times before it succeeded. In October, the talks nearly collapsed over the toughest issue: how to choose the new

to make some sort of a deal. In a lot of ways, they were way more bullish on a deal than Harper was. So they would have voted for any deal."

MacKay had for less leverage. He was an unwanted leader. He'd won the job in a crazy word war with the Orchard deal. His caucus and party membership were about one fifth the size of Harper's, his party's debt half for dimes. And he had a veritable Greek chorus of protesters: Tories partially认同ing his work. "This does not even deserve to be called oppositionism," Senator Lowell Murray wrote in the *Globe* and *Mail* when Harper first came courting Mulroney in June. "It's political lunacy."

With Murray and similar species of reaction ring in his ears, MacKay was a difficult if opportunistic partner. So Harper had to live with the help of a new leader cult in the parliamentary press gallery. Just as Harper had once and leads to newspapers to make clear his disavowal from Preston Manning, now he used them to strengthen his bargaining hand with the Mulroney team. "The point of all the way along would have been to get the point across to the Alliance that, 'This is not bad advice. Go to force them to take a position that they thought we would never accept.' So if the Conservative negotiating team edged closer to a deal in a closed-door session, or hinted at a principle that might make bargaining easier, they'd read about it, on their assassination, in the *Globe* or the *Post* a few days later. "It's sort of the way that Stephen generally operates. So he would make a little bit about how one person, one voice will represent a house, and it was a hallmark of the Reform party, and everything else he stood for." This position would probably appear in a newspaper or television report. "So then the Tories would go, 'No, no, we absolutely insist on some sort of regional vote.' And he'd go, 'Yeah, okay fine, I'm good with that.' And then they'd agree."

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TALKS ALMOST COLLAPSED OVER HOW TO PICK THE NEW PARTY LEADER



more quickly than Harper and MacKay expected. The race was set at the first meeting. Don Mearns was set, Brian Mulroney's former deputy prime minister and Mackay's lead emissary, suggested that the two sides approach with history over sporting a coalition and simply vote in a single party. As Harper biographer William Whyte writes, Harper was taken aback. But only for a few days. Then he rebuffed don Mearns. Mearns was offering what Harper had long thought was the only option: to merge the PCs with the Canadian Alliance. So there were a lot of people in the caucus who wanted

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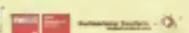
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party's leader. In the Atlantic-Alliance tradition it was assumed that each party member should have a role. That would have meant the upstart Liberal Atlanticists had to keep around their chosen a leader over the objections of every single former Tory. Mackay wanted each wing to lead a small number of delegates, so Tories could leverage their organizational edge in the Atlantic provincial Quebec. There was deadlock. Harper suggested they take Thanksgiving weekend off. Then he lectured a return to the media on placing of Mackay's "lack of any spirit of compromise." Mackay promptly bowed from another wing of his party—the wing that included Mulroney and wanted him to do a deal—going home to get back to the table and be serious about it this time. On Oct. 31, the two leaders announced they'd made a deal. Five years after Harper had argued about merging the parties, it was going to happen.

FLASH FORWARD: NOW HARPER IN CANADA'S prime minister, his early months in power have been marked, among many more significant accomplishments and disappointments, by an extraordinarily happy collision with the parliamentary ping-pong game. We could argue all day about who is to blame for the fractious relationship between Harper and the journalists. But even though the depth when he could say anything, let's say, relationship with the media would seem to be over, his current behaviour, like his early successes, reveals aspects of the Harper mind.

First, he's a hubristic and vindictive. Note that these are hardly unique traits. Indeed, they're emblematic to the political leadership class, not just in Canada but anywhere you do not see consequences over time, as a rule, unless you get out of the habit of bucking down and into the habit of making your opponents hurt for the sin of crossing you.

Second, and more shockingly, Harper is convinced that firms in Canada are stacked against Conservative success. Today it is no longer. Not so long ago it was the people of Ontario. After Steve Clewett Day lost the 1999 election, Harper visited his brother's funeral for the National Post, as this being that Ontario would always reject an Alberta and that Alberta was going to Ontario at the cost of Canada. Within five months of that, during the Stock Day win, he had become the most popular politician in Alberta. In hindsight, the lesson of the 2000 election is this just this once. One was a bide quaker on the upside because one nor durst say how many can pride but Harper couldn't see that. He was too busy looking for someone to blame.

Mostly, and most importantly, Harper is less frequently monitored by vindictiveness and a victim complex than his opponents would like to believe. In fact, if his first five months as prime minister were a success—and they were more than that, they were far from a triumph—it's because he kept his darker instincts in check. No, not just in check. He overwhelmed his darker instincts with some of the finest instincts any Canadian leader has shown in a generation: resolute, graceful, careful planning, discipline, a

will ready, short-term leadership goals and two national election campaigns in less than five years, to take some serious downtime. His staff would have the summer to prepare a fall agenda, complete with new surprise. The agenda would be his again in the fall. But when his control and concentration had flagged, Harper had great need to implore that had hurt him before and might yet—who knew?—hurt him down.

Or not. The Conservatives still need

FIVE YEARS AFTER HE HAD FIRST PROPOSED A PARTY MERGER, HARPER WAS IN CHARGE



DURING HIS FIRST MONTHS AS PM HE KEPT HIS DARKER INSTINCTS IN CHECK

cautious desire to expand his coalition and to reward voters' faith with concrete and discernible results.

So why did it turn sour near the end of that remarkable run? Believe me for the same reason he blew his lead in 2004 and then nearly blew it again in 2006. He ran out of spring.

For reasons—taxes, parents, culture, class, government, health care, All—except health care, checked off by May. Two bigger issues, federalism and long-term policy, both on the road to substantial redesign by May. May. Few Eli having fire, especially environmental policy, with no progress likely before autumn. Suddenly, and probably only temporarily, Harper had no big tray to roll the Canadian people. That had happened before, but he needed the same way.

With less baggage, he became friendlier on the messaging. With less momentum, he became contagious. Some stood in his way. With less control, the control freak in him started to freak out. Fortunately for Harper most of this was a premonition state of affairs. My hunch is he was telling people privately he

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Deep in the cold, cold ground

That's where we should put our CO₂ emissions, the Conservatives say

BY JOHN GEORGE • The major initiatives so far by Stephen Harper's government, the day after it sparked the most divisive election, Environment Minister Rita Amico released it last week to citizens from environmental groups and opposition politicians, pundits and political cartoonists—mainly mocking her for taking off 20 per cent of the target year for cutting Canada's greenhouse gas emissions roughly in half. Given the urgency surrounding climate change, that struck many as laughably remote. If only Amico had presented something bold for the new future, a step that didn't mean either too marginal (weather strip the screen doors of the nation) or too radical to fly (a wind turbine in every pot).

Actually, she did touch on one idea that might have been enough to keep her week's package red hot—if the government had been ready to say much more about it. Of the technological advances that must come if Canada is ever going to significantly cut emissions, Amico specifically referred to carbon dioxide "sequestration." That's the process for taking the CO₂ from, say, a coal-fired generating station, and pumping it deep into the ground instead of into the atmosphere. It only makes sense for large, industrial entities, and only where the geology is right—is. It happened in the winter march of Alberta Environment groups and industry experts have been waiting for years for a big federal push on the concept, but they won't say how to read Amico's signal. On the one hand, she didn't say much about it. On the other, it was the only technology she singled out when talking about working on solutions.

Her office wouldn't answer questions from Maclean's about plans for promoting sequestration, but various groundwork is apparently being laid. A year ago, a Calgary-based industry group was formed with large-scale sequestration as its goal—whatever Quebec and Alberta get serious about it. Called ICOM, for integrated CO₂ Network, it consists of 12 companies, including big players like Suncor, TransAlta, Syncrude, and Shell Canada. ICOM's plan is to collect

CO₂ from power plants, oil and natural gas processing facilities, and perhaps oil sands operations, and pipe it to suitable geological formations, such as deep saltwater aquifers or depleted oil and gas reservoirs. The group estimates exports could cut emissions by up to 20 million tonnes per year—equal to taking four and half cars off the roads.

That would be by far the biggest success in what has been, up to now, a dismal Canadian record on greenhouse gases. Under the Kyoto Protocol, Ottawa promised to slash emissions to 60 per cent below 1990 levels by 2008–12. Instead, emissions rose 27 percent to 758 million tonnes by 2006. The Conservatives have shaved off the Liberal's Kyoto pledge, substituting Amico's goal of a 45 to 65 per cent cut from 2001 levels by 2050. Hitting even that distant target demands big changes fairly soon. Separation is literally enough to do it, but it seems like the best bet is to appeal to an Alberta

IT'S A PLAN THAT COULD HELP THE TORIES WIN BACK CREDIBILITY ON THE GLOBAL WARMING FRONT

base. Pierre Marois, since it promises to cut emissions from oil and gas activity without putting the brakes on its rapid expansion. "Let's face it, oil sands development is big and growing and not going away," says Mario Reynolds, executive director of the Pembina Institute, a Calgary-based energy think tank, which last week issued a report calling for massive sequestration.

With industry, some environmentalists, and informed government leaders scoffing aside, what's holding the Tories back? Probably money. Pierre Alvarez, president of the Canadian Association of Petroleum Producers, estimates they'll cost \$100 to \$150 per tonne of CO₂, well above the \$10 per tonne set as an acceptable future return on industry in talks with the former Liberal government. "They realized this after [the] Paris [summit]," Alvarez says, "the economic consequences start getting very, very serious." Other countries' governments, however, are twiddling their fingers as a partnering in a US\$1 billion coal-fired generating plant from which all the carbon dioxide will be stored underground. Norway recently announced the most ambitious CO₂ storage scheme: even a US\$834-million project to pipe condensate back into oil fields in the North Sea. Canada's Conservatives should take note: spending federal cash to get sequestration going here could be to them what's sovin back credibility on what arguably the world's worst problem. ■

QUEBEC HAS TO KEEP UP WITH THE NEIGHBOURS

"Quebec has to catch up with the rest of us," says Quebec Premier Jean Charest. And the last two to make progress on climate-change programs are us. "We are so proud of it to make more. If you told me I'd soon be pushing my last breath, I'd take the opportunity to say what I said because it's the truth. You can't escape the truth, and I like Quebecers too much to not tell them the truth"—Former Quebec premier Lucien Bouchard

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AMIROSE Critics mocked her cheap air suit



Saddam: A bloody trail about to end

Cunning and ruthlessness brought him to power. Now he is almost certain to face the death penalty. JONATHON GATEHOUSE on the incredible, twisted and brutal career of one of the world's worst despots.

Saddam Hussein knows how he wants to die. Strangled, tied to a post before a firing squad, perhaps with the rats of an old Cuban cigar creched between his ankles. The chokehold of 80 more heroes and Third World tyrants. And a death that speaks to his deepest securities.

Iraq's former dictator has always been steady about the trappings of power and privilege. Even now, in prison and the courtroom dock, he and his co-defendants insist on calling each other by their former titles

PORTRAIT of the dictator as a young man

(or Saddam, it's usually "Mr. President"), but there are faintly discernible other options, emerging from the grandly bizarre incriminations of the Supreme Planning Council ("Chairman of the Supreme Planning Council" to the flattery "King of the Arab Nation"). The one that seems to be most important to him these days, however, is "Field Marshal," the rank he gave himself when he officially took over the country in 1979. For despite his fondness for uniforms, medals and war paint, Saddam Hussein was never really a soldier. As a young man in the 1950s, his application to Baghdad's Military Academy was rejected because of his poor marks—weight that has followed him all of his life, and may yet cost him in death.

By imagination, a quick, clean execution by gunfire is reserved only for military crimes. Ordinary thieves, rapists and murderers face the indignity of the hangman's noose. In the interim that Saddam has been on trial—first for the execution of 148 villagers in Dujail following a 1982 assassination attempt, now for a 1983 campaign of poison gas attacks and mass murders that killed an estimated 180,000 in the Kurdish north—the former president has created the precedents that give the regime the legitimacy of Iraq High Tribunal, dishing out a court of execution. "It was never the name of any judge," he asserts and shouts at the judges,

lawyers and witnesses, frequently walking or refusing to attend at all. There have been lengthy hunger strikes, and innumerable smaller acts of defiance. In late July, however, the day before his first trial ended, Saddam Hussein had a small moment of clarity. In between windy bursts of scorn for the captors, he ceased before the judges who will deliver their verdict on Nov. 9—surely a death sentence—and begged for one last favor: "I ask you, being an Iraqi person, that if you reach a verdict of death, execution, remember that I am a military man and should be killed by firing squad and not by hanging as a common criminal." The leader of Iraq, the despot, the强人 who terrorized millions, sparked three major wars, and helped the Middle East achieve, needs a wry illustration of how he dies; his death will never concern him with a common criminal.

The lies, myths and legends start on the day of his birth. Officially, Saddam Hussein Abd al-Majid al-Tikriti was born April 28, 1937, in a mud hut in the impoverished farming village of Al-Auja, near Tikrit. (In 1990, Iraqi humor made the date a national holiday, marking each successive year by ever more elaborate parades, pageants and feasts.) But the government of the day wasn't overly concerned about regis-



SADDAM In 1985, standing in front of the microphone to announce the hanging of 14 Iraqis

ing the offspring of ethnic peasants, and the evidence suggests Saddam wasn't born that year, let alone that.

As he rose to power, he copied the way Iraqi General Karim Shabibay, a friend and fellow Baathist who once killed his twin, and whom he had shot dead in front of his supporters before 1980. Saddam's birth year is believed, probably from 1918, to lend him gravitas as he gained public stature, or to make his returnage to his first wife [and first cousin] Sajida—born in 1937—more morally acceptable. (It netted him an Iraqi visa to marry a woman who is his senior.)

The tales about Saddam's early life are equally suspect. Depending on whom you believe, his father Hassan al-Majid was either dead by the time of his birth—or killed by Saddam, according to one version—or had abandoned his family. Saddam's mother was a former lover. During the run-up to the 2003 U.S. invasion, an Israeli biographer, Amnon Berlin, uncovered the story of a Jewish family of Iraqi origin who claim they saved the life of the urban doctor. Depressed after her husband's death from cancer, and then the sudden loss of another child to a brain tumor, the heavily pregnant Sajida tried to throw herself under a bus, and later beat her body against a door. The Jewish family, friends from Tikrit, intervened on both occasions and nursed her back to health. Months later, Saddam emerged unscathed and grew to be "such the best-looking and benignest" child in the village, they recalled.

Most sources agree that Saddam spent his first years in the care of a maternal uncle. His mother eventually found a new husband, Hassan al-Shatnawi, known locally as "Bassan the fat," for having once falsely claimed to have made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Saddam returned to live with them, but even by his own admission these were not happy times.

SOME mothers liked him, but **not** expert psychologists that he could never get enough love from his own flesh and blood.

Then loquacious small animals with the red-hot poker. Other books quote uncorroborated friends recalling how the young Saddam used to fish the Tigris with dynamite. And over he became Iraq's强man. Saddam wasn't adverse to spreading legends about his own precocious shagginess in his 19-volume official biography—which was once mandatory reading for government officials—he claims to have received his first pistol at the age of 16, and to have used it shortly thereafter in a failed attempt to get even with a mother who had beaten him at school.

At 21, Saddam moved to Baghdad to live with his uncle Khazrallah Talfah, and continue his education. Shamilah, a strong Iraqi nationalist and former army officer, was the big agent influence on Saddam's formative years. (The bond only strengthened later as Saddam's half-sister Jilte spent much of the Second World War in a jail cell after joining a failed uprising against British troops sent out of the country and forcing the Germans to take their place.) Khazrallah's son sympathized too deeply in the early 1960s Saddam postulated one of his uncle's novels as a tribute; it was entitled *Three When God Should Be Home-Created Person, Now and Then*. The picture of the future dictator's teenage years is sketchy. He was a high school



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In Aliaqdis, a working-class neighborhood populated by Sunnis and Shiites, Gessnerites remember her as a bright but unfamiliar student. During those years, Saddam reportedly spent much of his free time peddling cigarettes, as smokers and carny on the streets of downtown Baghdad to earn his keep. Sunnis and Shiites tell the story of another Jewish trap, Naim Tawfiq, who was jailed as a "Zionist spy" by the Baathist regime in the early 1970s. One day as Tawfiq was standing in a torture room, waiting for the beatings to begin, Saddam walked in and glared at his jailer. "Do not touch this man," he ordered. "He is a good man. I know him well." Once freed, Tawfiq left the country, but it took him many years to figure out to whom he owed his good fortune. He came across a picture of a young Saddam and realized that the mustachioed tyrant was the teenager he used to buy cigarettes from, and always tipped handsomely.

It was Khurshidah, by then a school principal, who introduced his nephew to plotting and violent politics—Iraq's external policies. After gaining independence from Britain in 1932, Iraq had 12 governments in its first half-dozen years. Between 1936 and 1943 there were seven coups d'état. By the mid-1950s, Khurshidah's borderline narcissism had found a home in the nascent Baath [Arabic for renaissance] party—a secular movement that called for a single, unified Arab state. Their vision of brotherhood was rather limited, however. And Saddam's first mentor—a Communist party official—came under his uncle's tutelage. In 1958, Khurshidah was promoted to director of education for Baghdad, but lost the position a few months later when the Communists, a rival in Tikrit, told authorities about his communism. Saddam travelled home to avenge the family honour and ambushed the minister the street over night, shooting him in the head. Both he and his uncle were arrested, but a court ruled they should not face trial for lack of evidence.

By the time he hit his 20s, Saddam had built a reputation within the Baath party as a useful, if not particularly clever, errand boy, especially when the job called for a heavier touch. A bloody military coup had just recently put an end to the country's monarchy in July 1958, with the king and all his extended family members exiled; Saddam had to deal with the court yard of their fugitive palace. The Baathists, then just out of exile, mainly comprised nationalist groups, initially supported the new government. But when the junta's leader, Gen. Abd al-Karim Qassem, formed an alliance with their archenemies, the Iraqi Communists, and began purging political foes, the honeymoon ended abruptly. (Prominent Baathists) had hatched a plan to incite

The military was probably a lot less convenient, but Saddam did manage to escape to Damascus, and then moved on to Cairo. He wasn't much suited to the life of an exile, however. Other Iraqi nationalists spent their time studying and discussing the bases of their country; Saddam spent his harassing and fighting. There are claims that he killed a fellow exile's children in Egypt, and raised a local man to his death from his apartment at window. Both take turns spectrophilly; but in the early 1960s, the New York Times found a Cairo cafe owner who still harbored Saddam all well-ware as a troublemaker and cheap date. He said the men who went to his place were a fixture of the world's most elite kings, queens and dictators; he never saw one.

A decade later, when Saddam returned to a state visit as Iraq's vice president, he made a surprise trip to the bar, paid his tab, and was still smiling when he left. "After an aborted coup, he claimed to have sworn to safety," says Qassem at his close home from a diplomatic appearance October 1999. A four-man hit squad, including Saddam's "twin," al-Shukaili, were provided with weapons and marching orders. Saddam was a two-minute addition to the group, and the botched assassination became a central part of his myth.

The botching steered him to success, however. And Saddam's first mentor—a Communist party official—came under his uncle's tutelage. In 1958, Khurshidah was promoted to director of education for Baghdad, but lost the position a few months later when the Communists, a rival in Tikrit, told authorities about his communism. Saddam travelled home to avenge the family honour and ambushed the minister the street over night, shooting him in the head. Both he and his uncle were arrested, but a court ruled they should not face trial for lack of evidence. The man who was taken into custody was not relevant to the plot, and when he was released to clean up the shambled corpse, propped up in a chair like a fallen saint, as a soldier demonstrated the difference between entry and exit wounds. For his finale, the man grabbed Qassem's head and spit in his face.

For all the early days of his villainy, Saddam proved himself a quick study of Iraq's brutal politics after he returned from exile following Qassem's death. When the military tried to purge the party and arrest leaders and kicked the Baathists out of government, isolating the al-Bakr Junta in 1963, Saddam had the good fortune to be sent to the same jail in most of the party's senior leadership. By the time he was allowed to "escape" in 1966, he

had already established himself as a member of the inner circle. He had learned to be a master of the art of the lie, however. Other Iraqis nationalists spent their time studying and discussing the bases of their country; Saddam spent his harassing and fighting. There are claims that he killed a fellow exile's children in Egypt, and raised a local man to his death from his apartment at window. Both take turns spectrophilly; but in the early 1960s, the New York Times found a Cairo cafe owner who still harbored Saddam all well-ware as a troublemaker and cheap date. He said the men who went to his place were a fixture of the world's most elite kings, queens and dictators; he never saw one.

Reality television as old hat in Iraq.

The group I'm part of, including veterans of the beginning of the insurgency, are hardly shocked for a country that has long relied on public executions and macabre displays of its deepest hatred. In 1963, when the Baathists started to purge disgruntled army officers belonging to the Qassem region, the fighting lasted two days. After the general's surrender, his trial and execution—by firing squad—last less than an hour. The body was taken to the river and relevance to the plot, and when he was released to clean up the shambled corpse, propped up in a chair like a fallen saint, as a soldier demonstrated the difference between entry and exit wounds. For his finale, the man grabbed Qassem's head and spit in his face.

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had forged fast friendships with dozens everyone who counted and was tagged as a rising star. In 1964, the Baathists staged another congress, led by Gen. Ahmad Hasan al-Bakr, a fellow Tishk什 and long-time protege of Saddam and his uncle. Saddam proved himself不可置信 as Baath's chief of internal security, enforcing party discipline and sending scores with punches. Soon he was the well-liked president's right-hand man, controlling most aspects of Iraqi life.

All that was missing was the prestige and the title, and they came soon enough. But by Iraq's bloody standards, Saddam's 1979 power grab—unauthorised as videotape and later broadcast to the nation—was G-rated. All the while, he was off screen. In mid-July, Bakr announced that he was “stepping down” for health reasons, and handing power over to his trusted deputy. The man best qualified to assume the leadership? Saddam had already installed loyalists in all of the government's key positions. He had firm control of the growing state security apparatus. The military had been pleased with a massive weapons buildup, financed by surging oil prices that were exceeding government oilfins to the tune of \$30 billion per year. Saddam was taking no chances. He convened a special party conference and in one fell swoop usurped all of his remaining critics and rivals.

Eyes filling with tears, his voice shaking with emotion, Saddam told his colleagues and supporters that he had “brought a Syrian badminton to overthrow the party, and that all the plotters were in the room. Taking a piece of paper from his pocket, Saddam read out 66 names. As the revering party members applauded and screamed Sadam's name, the men were hauled away. After rapid trials, 22 (including all the high-ranking party members) were sentenced to death, 33 more sent to prison. As a finality, the remaining members of the Baath leadership were ordered to personally carry out the execution under the watchful eyes of the Mukhabarat, Saddam's secret police.

Even those exiles—real or perceived—who had fled the country's女人's safe from Saddam's ruthless ambitions. In 1970, Abd al-Karim Nafie, a former party minister, was shot in the head as he left London's international airport. Death subsequently submerged two members of the Iraqi intelligence for the crime, much to Saddam's displeasure. That same year, Alip Alford, the Iraq oil leader, was strangled with his tie and left dead in his Surrey home. He survived and he became a key U.S.-ally, later serving as the country's interim prime minister after the 2003 invasion that toppled Saddam.

During his years as the power behind the throne, Saddam had become the archetypal



ALL IN THE FAMILY? Saddam with his wife,官司 (seated), son Uday (middle), and others

one of the world's most repressive regimes. And what led freedom was left in Iraq disappeared once he took over the reigns. The ranks of the army, police and Baath party affiliates swelled. A deal was struck with Yassir Arafat, then head of the PLO. So, too, to help improve surveillance techniques. Listening devices became almost ubiquitous at real bags. In the law courts, a soldier army officer who made a derivative comment about Saddam's mother in the privacy of his own men's bedroom was arrested, and had his tongue cut out before being executed. His sons met the same fate, and the family horses were butchered.

An Iranian Revolutionary Guard's critique of Iraq's ideology and thought that was adopted alongside the neo-con books of the Bush administration.

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govt. 24 hours? In the 1990s, countering AIDS became grounds for statutory castration. Over the years, human rights organisations raised issues of discrimination of the regrettably sexual, obscenity, debasing ideological norms, political killings, forced repatriations, and thousands of “disappearances”. In February 1989, Amnesty International released a report entitled “Children, Innocent Victims of Political Repression”, detailing the rates of school kids “who had been apprehended, lined up and beaten only short in public”, political prisoners who were forced to watch executions, including children, being tortured until they confessed to a falsehood and were subsequently kept in solitary confinement “debt entirely deprived of rights”, until they cracked. Calling Saddam’s violations of human rights “egregious and massive”, Amnesty said it could

and he was arrested and taken to the presidential compound. Given a pair of blood-soaked pyjamas to wear, he was blindfolded and placed in a cell for days and fed only bread and water. Eventually, he was taken to the “punishment rooms”. Guards hung him from the ceiling by his feet and whacked his body with leathered table. Afterwards, as he lay bleeding on the ground, Saddam was able to peek beneath his blindfold. “All around him he saw other prisoners being tortured by teams of Saddam’s torturers,” writes Couglin. “In one corner he saw a stool being lowered into a vat of boiling water. In another, a violin was being tortured with electric shocks to its general. Yet another victim was strapped to a table in the centre of the room, where the guards were extracting his toe and fingers.” (Saddam eventually escaped from jail, and the country, after his with bashed senior security officials.)

Saddam was now about getting his own hands dirty in the summer of 1982, at the height of the Iran-Iraq war, when it was announced that Riyadh Hussein, the minister of health, had been executed, purportedly for acting against medicine on the black market. But a more serious story quickly became the accepted truth. During a cabinet meeting, the minister had the temerity to suggest that Saddam should stay close so a peace deal could be negotiated. Saddam asked him to step out of the room so the two of them could further discuss the proposal. The president remained alone. Hussein's wife later visited Saddam, and narrated a promise that her husband would be retained in her. The next day, Hussein delivered the body-chopped to pieces in a black crosses bag.

Saddam never shed away from loyalty,

the punishments were muted out they were also not always collective. In 1983, for example, the strongest had 99 men from the al-Hakim family, aged 9 to 76, arrested because one member was running an anti-government group on Tehran. Most were tortured, six were executed.

In an infamous interview with ABC's Diane Sawyer in 1990, Saddam was asked about the draconian measures he used to keep his people in line. “Does not the law in your country punish whoever tries to insult the president?” he responded. When Sawyer told him that the answer was “no”, and that the U.S. would be in if the government adopted the Iran model, Saddam looked stunned. “What?” he buffed. “In Iraq the president is regarded by the people as a symbol representing something.”

Saddam has memory issues. At least

that's what the U.S. government firmly believes. At 71 years, Dr. Jyoti Patel, a Welsh neurologist, psychiatrist, provides expert psychological profiles of world leaders. His crowning achievement were studies of Margaret Thatcher—“a detail person”—and Aung San Suu Kyi—“a big picture person”—that reportedly proved Jimmy Carter with the insights he needed to clinch the Israeli-Egyptian Camp David award. The exact nature of his advice on how to handle Saddam remains classified, but a public version of the doctor's analysis of the Iraq dictator's personality has been in circulation since the early

1990s. The rest of Saddam's behaviour is his unhappy childhood, a formative period that shaped his capacity for empathy, creating a “wounded self”, writes Patel. “One comes to the face of such overwhelming experiences as to talk into despair, polarity and hopelessness. But another is to risk a psychological struggle of compensatory grandeur.” Consequently, for me, Hitler, Saddam has got

turned himself after the great Iraqi conquests. Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian king who enslaved the Jews in 586 BCE, and Suleiman the Tyrant who defeated the Crusaders and liberated Jerusalem in 1517. They were men of action, capable of both acts of unspeakable cruelty and moments of great generosity. So is Saddam. He “has a flexible consciousness, compartmentalisation and loyalty are factors of circumstances, and in circumstances change,” says the psychiatrist. “Nothing was permitted to stand; the greater the ‘master stroke’ the better.”

In incursions over the years, Patel has had deals about other 50-cent terms for the role of Saddam's core, like “maladaptive narcissism”, but will come back to Saddam's lack of character. “Saddam does that, but you’re not really sincere from,” the doctor told the London Times in 2003. “A lot of his total control of the environment is designed to compensate for him being totally out of control. A lot of the insulation he seeks is to compensate for the nurturing, the mothering, however measured.”

Whatever the explanation, there is no debate that Saddam has an aversion to agents for intrusion. During his reign, a favoured Iraqi joke was that the country's population had mostly hit 25 million—15 million per-



RADIO retold him stories up to 50 families in town, held the slightly news theme, swap his pelts



MAINTAINING

viewing it as a necessary part of a tyrant's job. During his reign, government officials frequently invited Western journalists and businessmen to participate in some of their less-than-honorable, conspicuously failing the legend. Public spectacles were filled with a sense of fear and promises of retribution for enemies of the state and abroad. All of Iraq knew the cost of crossing Saddam, and when



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By the mid-1980s, Iraq had two dozen offences with the death penalty. Getting AIDS was one of them.

pic. (c) 10 million pictures of Saddam. The entrance to every village in the eastern was decorated with a 10-metre portrait of the “leader president”. Paintings, murals and statues depicted the dictator in a variety of guises—statesman, soldier, farmer, veterinarian. An anonymous government department—the wonderfully named Very Special Projects implementation authority—was charged with distributing and training (with his image) Schoolchildren's notebooks that had his portrait on the cover, and a collection of his sayings on the back. And there was never a question of whose photo would be on the front page of the daily paper. Radios broadcast his name 360 times an hour. The

1990s. The rest of Saddam's behaviour is his unhappy childhood, a formative period that shaped his capacity for empathy, creating a “wounded self”, writes Patel. “One comes to the face of such overwhelming experiences as to talk into despair, polarity and hopelessness. But another is to risk a psychological struggle of compensatory grandeur.” Consequently, for me, Hitler, Saddam has got turned himself after the great Iraqi conquests. Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian king who enslaved the Jews in 586 BCE, and Suleiman the Tyrant who defeated the Crusaders and liberated Jerusalem in 1517. They were men of action, capable of both acts of unspeakable cruelty and moments of great generosity. So is Saddam. He “has a flexible consciousness, compartmentalisation and loyalty are factors of circumstances, and in circumstances change,” says the psychiatrist. “Nothing was permitted to stand; the greater the ‘master stroke’ the better.”

rightly news media sang his praises, and no coverage described every government action as a personal initiative of the president. State broadcasters regularly aired poems from "ancient classics" lauding his accomplishments, and it was anathema to turn on one's TV and be treated as Saddam's enemy if delivering an hour-long rambling lecture on practically any topic under the sun, from animal husbandry to moral corruption. (Former colleagues credit Saddam with having a "photographic" memory, and say that he was always meticulous in preparing, able to pepper them with detailed queries about even the most obscure aspects of government business.)

Practical innovations in Iraqi history were treated as an excuse for every remote eastward calculation of Saddam's aggressiveness. The "Victory Measures," from mid-1980 (concluded in 1988, three years before the war with Iran ended in a bloody stalemate) came massive pay of sword-wielding, arm racing from the ground, 40-times scale models of Saddam's own, down to the stars and hate fistfights. The 45-story penthouse on a downtown clock tower was surrounded with seven statues representing the stages of Saddam's life, from birth to his "victory" over the Persians. And after getting past by the Americans in the first Gulf War, Saddam celebrated by building the Mother of All Battles mosque on the outskirts of the city. In four outer minarets are shaped like Kublai Khan effigies, its four inner ones Barakat minarets. The mosque also decorated a Koran and so have been turned into Saddam's own blood.

Like many dictators, Saddam was also romanticistic for his vanity. In later years, he dyed his hair and mustache a poutful shade of brown. He took pains to avoid being photographed with his eyeglasses on. He developed a taste for designer suits, and was said to own 400 different belts. (Although he has dug holes measured in dozen meters—barbed wire and mines and mines and more are his favorite pastime.) After meeting Fidel Castro at a Non-Aligned summit, Saddam abandoned his pipe and cigarettes for a dedicated cigar. Virtually no palace received a visitor but was always standing at arm's reach with a box of British Benson. Following the first Gulf War,

the Iraqi program soon launched on state literature, penning two allegorical romance novels, *Zalibah and the King*, which readers agreed with a play, was the bigger success. A tale of chivalry, it focuses on a young hero who falls in love with a virgin, but married. Love sooner. Her jealous husband arranges for Zalibah to be raped on Jan. 27 (the date the U.S. began its aerial bombardment of Iraq in 1991), and lauds her. The king, trying to avenge her honor, has a gallant plan for everyone in the land.

But the big side of the details of outlined adaptation via the gallivanting pantheon that

biography, J Blau Saddam has "He despised women."

Day-to-day security precautions were equally elaborate. Whenever Saddam planned to leave a palace, there were five decoy entourages. Doubles were frequently used for public appearances. His food was flown in from abroad once a week, and official meals sampled every day before he dined. The palaces, always squat, became more and more like the villain's lair from a James Bond film, filled with subterranean alleys, escape tunnels and high-tech communications equipment. Reinforced concrete bunkers were scattered around the country. ConCaghten describes one, near the Presidential Palace in Baghdad, that was located 300 feet below the Tigris River, built in springs to absorb any bomb's impact, with its entrances protected by automatically controlled machine gun nests. The VIP lounge at Saddam International Airport was said to be attached to a 15-story control tower leading to a helicopter landing pad. By the time of the 2003 American invasion, Saddam was (rightfully) convinced that his enemies were planning for him that he never slept in his palaces, and often moved from bed to bed in the middle of the night. Guards were ordered to prepare three elaborate meals a day at each of his houses in case he dropped by. The subtlety in Baghdad was that he personally executed one of his security aides after two men died of bad exposures, on the suspicion that the U.S. military was tracking the man's cell phone.

Those from Saddam, agent, bully, psychopath and coward, are sure to what history will remember. But it's worth noting that there was a time when many considered him one of the most progressive leaders in the Arab world. His timely-drive toward the Iraq oil industry and boom production in 1972 provided the country with almost unfettered spending power. (The price of oil quadrupled after the 1973 Arab Israeli War. In 1975, Iraq's oil revenues were US\$8.47 billion. In 1976, they were \$25 billion, a full 9% per cent of national income.) Much of the money went toward a massive military buildup—by the mid-1970s the country was spending close to US\$1 billion a year on defense—on its transporters' pockets, but the sons were given enough to finance some good works as well. Prior to the war with Iran, Iraq had the best health care system in the Middle East—modern and universal. There was a massive expansion of the education system, and Iraqis could follow their studies from kindergarten through university, tuition free. Saddam's regime expanded women's freedom to marry and divorce, and allowed divorced women and, indeed, equal pay laws. In 1979, Iraq received a UNESCO award for

One joke said that the population had hit 28 million: 14 million Iraqis, and 14 million pictures of Saddam



THIS IS A HUMOROUSLY MISLABELLED PHOTOGRAPH OF DONALD RUMSFELD AND SADDAM HUSSEIN.

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an comprehensive national campaign to end
illiteracy. The government established
3,779 adult learning centres and more than
two million people were taught to read and
write over a 12-month period. Some critics,
like Makary, suggest that Saddam's real goal
was to create a larger audience for his newspaper
propaganda.)

For many, Paul's vision of the heartland bay
under the master's watch uncomfortably
close to an slogan, but there are moments
when it resonates. One of Saddam's most
curious habits in paradise was his propensity
to communicate with the people. Saddam
and his security entourage would suddenly
descend on your family barbecue, or show up
at the door in local costume, always eager to
hear just how lucrative a job the great leader
was doing. In his discourses of the U.S. inva-
sion and occupation, *The Assassins' Gate*,
George Packer tells the story of a family from
Kirkiq, who were favoured with a visit in
1983. One afternoon, two presidential bodyguards
landed in a nearby field, took off
dressed off their steeds, and a trailer was parked
in the garden. Saddam, dressed in an olive
army uniform, appeared in their door. He
came inside to sit in the living room and make
chit chat for a while, before setting up shop
in the stable. Neighbours were summoned to
line up in the garden for a private audience
with the president—an opportunity to pre-
pare for favours—anyone who had been
given a present of 1,000 dinars. The next
morning, the whole show moved on. It was
like a dream, the family said. The only proof
that it had ever happened was the beginning
adolescence of Saddam's colleague, a son so power-
ful that they eventually had to give away the
stable he had sat upon.

All photographs taken in 2003, except the 1983 photo, by AP Wirephoto

It's a picture that Donald Rumsfeld
and suddenly wishes had never been taken.
The December 2003 snapshot shows the
current U.S. secretary of defense, then president
Ronald Reagan's special envoy, grinning and
shaking the outstretched hand of the man
he has, after all, so often compared to Hitler.
Times change.

In early 1982, Iraq had Iraq removed
from a U.S. State Department list of nations
supporting terrorism that had been established
by his predecessor, Jimmy Carter. Since
the beginning of the 1970s, Iraq's Baathist
regime had assumed close relationships with
some of the most militant factions of the
Palestinian liberation movement. It was a
major source of funds, and training, for the
PLO. Abu Nidal, whose faction was respon-
sible for dozens of high-profile terror inci-
dents—including embassy takeovers, hijackings,
bombings, and sniper attacks on Jewish educational
institutions in Europe—used Baghdad as his



HOW THE MIGHTY FALL... Defaced portraits of the former strongman. Since his capture, Saddam's home has been a three-by-four-metre cell. But he does some gardening

bureaucracy of points. He was alone. The Rashid PDK said Iraq as a refuge, as did Syria's ousted Muslim Brotherhood, and for a period in the early 1980s, Iran's Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

Reagan's decision was strategic. The Iranian mullahs, initially taken by surprise by the 1980 Iraqi invasion, had rallied, and looked like they might be winning the war. In the summer of 1982, the U.S. began to provide the Iraqis with military advice of Iranian lines, and their own defense holdings. In 1984, the operation was expanded to "limited intelligence sharing," including communications intercepts, data on strategic bombing targets and enemy troop positions. And U.S. firms of Rhenish made, there was a need to replace the oil that used to flow down the Shatt al-Arab. In 1981, the U.S. did not import a single barrel of oil from Iraq. By 1988, it was consuming 1.6 million barrels annually. (At the time, Saddam gave America permission to defend its territorial interests on world peace.)

Reagan was hardly alone in throwing his lot in with Saddam; although he was probably the only world leader to give the meister a pair of gold spurs as a gift, hand-delivered by Ronald. The Soviets, who had been the Rhenish's major supplier of arms and technology since the beginning of the 1970s, had been gradually supplanted by the Europeans. By 1982, Iraq accounted for 40 per cent of all French arms exports—guns, missiles, Mirage fighter jets—a relationship that greased the French nose that \$1.5 billion during the course of the war. The Indians were also supplying weapons. And the Germans were closing up construction contracts and exports of industrial equipment—much of which had military uses.

It was not a secret that Saddam regime had been aggressively pursuing nuclear, biological and chemical weapon technology since the mid-1970s. Saddam himself had publicly insisted about the need for "an Arab bomb" in a number of occasions. In 1979, he signed a USSR-Iraqian agreement with France (Acendron-Coupland) the agreement, which also provided for the training of 500 scientists, had a implication "that all persons of the Jewish race and the Muslim refugee be excluded from participating." Four years later, Saddam struck a deal with the Islamic Republic of Iran to plutonium enrichment. There were allegations of secret nuclear support deals with Israel, China and India, Israel because it is alleged about these developments that it first dispatched agents to subdue the reactor cores as they were being built in France, and in June 1982, staged a daring bombing raid that destroyed Saddam's nearly completed Qadrak nuclear plant.

Saddam viewed brutality as a necessary part of a tyrant's job. His crimes became bigger and bolder.



AN ESTIMATE: 180,000 Kurds were massacred by the regime

of a U.S. program that financed agricultural exports—federally guaranteed bank loans to the Iraqi government that were used to purchase American produce between 1983 and 1990, bring in excess \$10 billion in such protected loans, one tenth of the worldwide total. Sad dogs ended up defaulting on \$1.9 billion worth.

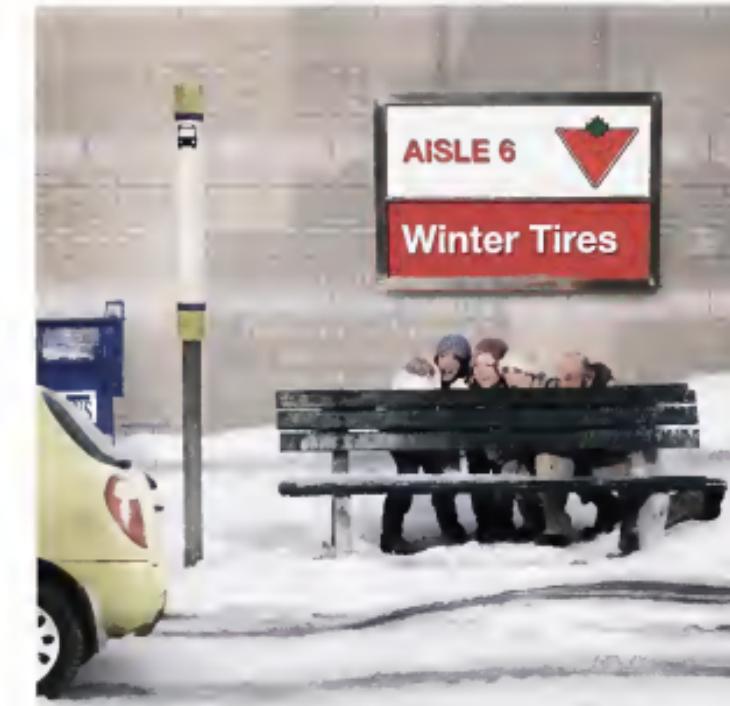
There were limits to the U.S. support. An arms embargo against Iraq remained in place—if though there were reports that American attack helicopters, supplied for civilian use, ended up being used in military campaigns, including poison gas attacks against the Kurds. And the Reagan administration wasn't averse to playing both sides of the street. In 1985, it approved the sale of TOW and Stinger missiles and stealth

spare parts to Israel to a mostly unsuccessful effort to secure the release of 10 Americans held hostage before the speeded his capture, assumed custody and year Col. Oliver North derived profits from the deal to the Centres in Nicaragua. But for the most part, Iraq remained the U.S.'s partner of choice.

Saddam's empire, meanwhile, became bigger and bolder. In late 1982, he began north incursions campaign in the north, capturing thousands of Kurds and forcing their homes. In the winter of 1983, he launched his Al-Anfal campaign to crush a Kurdish revolt in the north—the genocidal massacres for which he is currently on trial. On March 16, the Iraqi air force targeted Halabja, an agricultural center, with mustard gas and nerve agents. The few survivors recall great clouds of gaffe-scented yellow flames spreading over the city. More than 5,000 men, women, children died. After signing a ceasefire with Iran that August, Saddam launched up their efforts, blocking escape routes and launching chemical attacks on 10 northern villages. Troops were sent to cut off the survivors.

Again there was outrage, but little real action. The U.S. Senate passed a resolution of Grozdece Act, calling for tough new sanctions against the regime, but the Reagan White House killed the bill, choosing instead to sponsor a UN Security Council resolution that offered harsh words but little else. When George Bush the elder took office, he made improving relations with Iraq one of his

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administration's security goals, noting that Saddam Hussein could be induced to end arms his behavior, or at least allow him to move forward into a key Middle East ally.

Official U.S. policy didn't change until Aug. 2, 1990, the day Iraq forces crossed the border into Kuwait. Saddam had been spewing threats for months, demanding that its brother Arab states forgive \$4 billion in debt from the Iran conflict—or war he had “waged on behalf of the whole Arab world.” He had also let it be known that he was ready to use his weapons of mass destruction in a wider Middle East conflict. “We will make the fire eat half of Israel,” he said in an April speech. Still, the feeling in Washington was that it was better to have Saddam as a friend than an enemy.

On the eve of the invasion, Saddam summoned U.S. ambassador April Glaspie to his palace for final discussions. According to transcripts of the meeting, the dictator has usual bluntness self, threatening retribution if the Americans interfered in his dispute with Kuwait. “Everyone can come up to you according to their ability and say, ‘We do what we came all the way to you in the United States, but individual Arabs may reach you.’” Glaspie responded with a fatalistic photo: “I have three instructions from the president to seek better relations with Iraq.” The dictator left the encounter believing he had just received the green light to invade. (Glaspie often took an upbeat report on the time a year—her first meeting with the legislator in two years on the job. It was titled, “Saddam’s Message of Friendship for President Bush.”

The “Mother of all battles” proved to be the one of the greatest catastrophes of history. In a six-week air campaign, the U.S.-led international coalition flew 199,576 bombing sorties, dropping 90,000 tons of munitions and shattering Iraq’s defenses and infra-structure. In ground forces just 100 hours to liberate Kuwait, with just 14 American troops killed in the battle and 467 wounded, Iraqi losses were estimated at 100,000, with

the money Iraq played on and mouse with the inspectors the UN dispatched to monitor its arsenal of deadly weapons. In some circles, it became accepted wisdom that Bush had made a terrible mistake.

The dictator's final hours of power

were spent carousing through the streets of Baghdad in an armoured Mercedes, begging for support. In the end, all the old machinations, money, appeals to patriotism—faded him in his glory-watched even his most fanatical regime down in ruin. He occupied the capital after the American invasion with only his sons, six bodyguards, and a retinue of U.S. cash. Saddam spent more months searching between his faltered in the Sunnis heartland. He fled to Syria, Iraq and Kuwait, died in a shoot-out in early December, 400 U.S. troops found a ditched Saddam hiding in a concrete hole on a farm near Admar—a few hundred metres from the riverbank where he claimed to have cast his escape across the Tigris in 1999.

Since his capture, Saddam's house has been a three-by-four metre unconditioned cell on the grounds of a former police station near Baghdad's super-newsworthy in Camp Cropper. It contains a fold-up bed, a small desk and chair, a prayer mat, and a Koran. He gets ready to see his many visitors for breakfast, and is presented three hours of daily exercise, much of which he spends tending a small garden. The only times he must be held for him to hear. In May 2005, the New York Post published a photo taken by his American captors of Saddam in his cell, wearing only his underwear, on his front porch. The headline was “Basher of Saddam.”

The first trial, for the 1983 killings of 148 Jews, opened in October 2005. Of the 12 potential cases against Saddam investigated by the High Tribunal, the death sentence was generally considered to be the most open and fair. “This was a case that even stamp could not,” says Michael Scharf, a law professor at Case Western University, and one of the international experts who helped train the Iraqi judges and prosecutors. The Iranian regime left behind reams of documentation

THE ACCUSED: HUSSEIN IN COURT ON Oct. 17

on the failed assassination attempt and their retaliation, including 148 death warrants signed by Saddam.

The path of justice has been a bitter bittersweet for those involved, however. From the outset, Saddam and his never-to-be-disinterred legal team dragged the hearings they designed to extend into three years. Both sides of the court—the dictator's half-brother protected by wearing only his long underwear to court; Saddam claimed he had been beaten by U.S. troops, and rarely missed an opportunity to ridicule his captors, the judges, and the entire process. “Who are you? Who is this court? If you are an Iraq you know very well who I am,” he shouted on the opening day. “I am the president of Iraq.” There were lengthy postponements. During the course of the trial, three of the defense lawyers were abducted and killed. There were dozens of skirmishes in the lobbies of the courthouses. The chief judge, Nagla Arouri, stepped down in January, following criticism from Iraqi government officials that he was being too lenient toward the accused. A trial that was scheduled for one month ended up taking 16. “It’s been a mess,” says Scharf. “A lot of it was the fault of the defense. They wanted to damage, delay and distract, and Saddam emerged, and use the TV coverage as a platform to speak to his people.” The biggest problem was the court’s decision to allow Saddam to question the witnesses, providing him with a daily opportunity to perform. “We had no idea, nobody realized in was going to happen,” says Scharf. “The Iraqis just said, ‘that’s the way our courts do things.’”

The Arouri trial, which began at the end of August, has scarcely been better. Saddam and his co-defendants are again dragging the stage. In early September, after a Kurdish survivor recited from the Koran that “God forgives you” as he sat in a cage, Saddam, and Ghafour Hassan Abdulla—an angry Saddam called his opponents “agents of Iran and America.” “We will treat your flesh,” he threatened. Abdulla Arouri, the chief judge, was named by the government after consulting the former prosecutor. “You were not a dictator. People around you made you look like a dictator.” His replacement has since thrown Saddam out of court on multiple occasions, and the entire defense team has taken to boycotting the proceedings. The complex Amthal case, originally scheduled to last four months, seems certain to stretch deep into 2007.

The delays have created a rather sticky



His final hours in power were spent careening around in an armoured Mercedes, begging for support

ONE MONTHS after the U.S. invaded, a elusive Saddam was finally found, hiding in a concrete-lined hole.

more than 100,000 wounded. By the time it was over, Saddam's vast military machine was in total disarray. The road to Baghdad was wide open.

Rush balked. Even when Shauqi in the south and Kurchi in the north tended his call to arms against the Baathist tyrants, the Americans refused to step in and give the retreating regime a final push. The White House brass then feared the post-Saddam landscape an unstable Iraq, divided along sectarian lines, a potential powder keg in the heart of the Middle East. Saddam then rediscovered the strength to burn his boats in the international community, turning a blustery threatening into a great military victory. The Americans' anarchy inside life-lasting, for which they had paid a high price. The Baath regime left behind reams of documentation

PHOTO: AP/WIDEWORLD; TOP: AP/WIDEWORLD; BOTTOM: AP

COURT PICTURES

From the outset, Saddam and his co-defendants turned much of the the proceedings into a farce

tribe-based advocacy group, was one of the Baathist regime's harshest critics, but now denies the new Iraqi government's rush to judgment. “These trials are so important that we want to see them create a legitimate framework of law,” says Nurettin Dulek, director of their anti-governmental justice program. The general climate of instability in the country, the court room chaos, lack of resources for the defense, and the purely dramatic makeup of the trial board—a departure from what recent war



BAGHDAD car bombing in July. Saddam thinks he can help stop the bloodshed.

There are fears that executing Saddam might worsen the sectarian violence in Iraq. That hardly seems possible.

cruel proceedings... have put the legitimacy of the prosecution in question. "I'm not trying to be the whale that went wrong, we've got it, or should be scrapped," says Becker. "But there are international standards that should be met." This is the unconvincing position for an organization that helped document the *Amal* massacre. Lasting justice, however, demands greater rigor. "Much of what the Holocaust-denying industry would be like without Netanyahu," says Becker. "It's not easy to characterize Saddam's proceedings as those that right now."

Schiff, who has read the transcripts, says our collective memories are in bad shape. "The same exact things happened there, but what history remembers about the Nazi concerted character is far more documented." The Iraqi High Tribunal is far from perfect, he says, but it is more than adequate. And no country has many legal safeguards in place. "Our findings will tell the stories."

For Saddam's countless victims and their families, justice has already been too long in coming. Binger Al-Tikriti, a former Kurdish fighter now living in Canada, can barf at 27 friends and family members who perished during the *Amal* campaign. Many of the young men were taken from their homes in Koytayek, a village near Erbil, by the Iraqi army in the summer of 1988, and never seen again. Tikriti, now a short-order cook, has been following the court cases and is impotent for a verdict. "I hope they tell Saddam as soon as they can because he killed a lot of Kurdish people," he says. "And every time I use him in the court, I remember everything from 20 years ago, just like I was there."

Others, however, harbour fears that putting Saddam to death could worsen the sectarian violence in Iraq, although that hardly seems possible. A recent United Nations report found that 5,000 people died in Baghdad

in operations. A recently declassified report pooling the views of 16 U.S. government intelligence agencies concluded that the Iraq war has actually increased the threat of global terrorism.

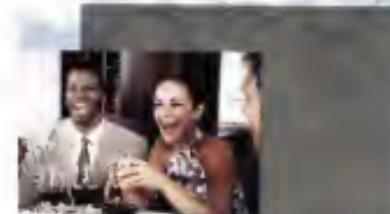
The dictator isn't given much credit to the news, but he is well aware how divisive his former playground has become. To him, the violence is a gleamer of hope. According to his lawyers, Saddam believes the U.S. will soon melt him to help to quell the insurgency and provide the stability it needs to start withdrawing from Iraq. "The United States still use this [death] sentence to put pressure on Saddam to leave it from its intent," Saddam's lawyer, Ammar al-Dulaimi, told reporters. "He'll be the last reason, they'll knock on his door."

The latest in a longline of Saddam's known dubiousness has one that has already been embraced by his followers. In the spring of 2006, al-Babir, an Egyptian magazine, published a transcript of a purported phone conversation between Saddam and Donald Rumsfeld. "I'm calling you one after and that is that you will be released and can choose for yourself a place of exile freely, in any country possible, on condition that you go on television and make a condemnation of terrorism and/or your men to stop these acts," Rumsfeld is supposed to have said.

Saddam's response reads like one of his threats: "I am not looking for opportunities I am not looking for a way to move my neck from the gallows," quotes the magazine. "I am on one road with every Iraqi citizen and with the future of great Iraq more than I am concerned with myself and my family. I have nothing left but honour, and honour cannot be bought and sold." High drama, but fiction all the same. At this point, the once great leader of Iraq would happily sell his kingdom for a home, or the private use of a firing squad. ■

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POLAND: GOD IS MY DRINKING BUDDY
Anne Mohr's Catholic book of prayers includes one that asks God to prevent tea from talking truth while drunk: "Lord, if in an sober state, eat under the influence of these around me, Italy something shaped, please give me strength to extract my words. Protect me against senseless boasting and pride." The prayer speaks of Anne, but its author, a Dominican monk, intones by P. Valéry. "This book will make it easier for young people to reflect with faith."



- REWARDS OF TRAVEL -

Your guide to
points, perks
and loyalty
programs

THE ISSUE IN...



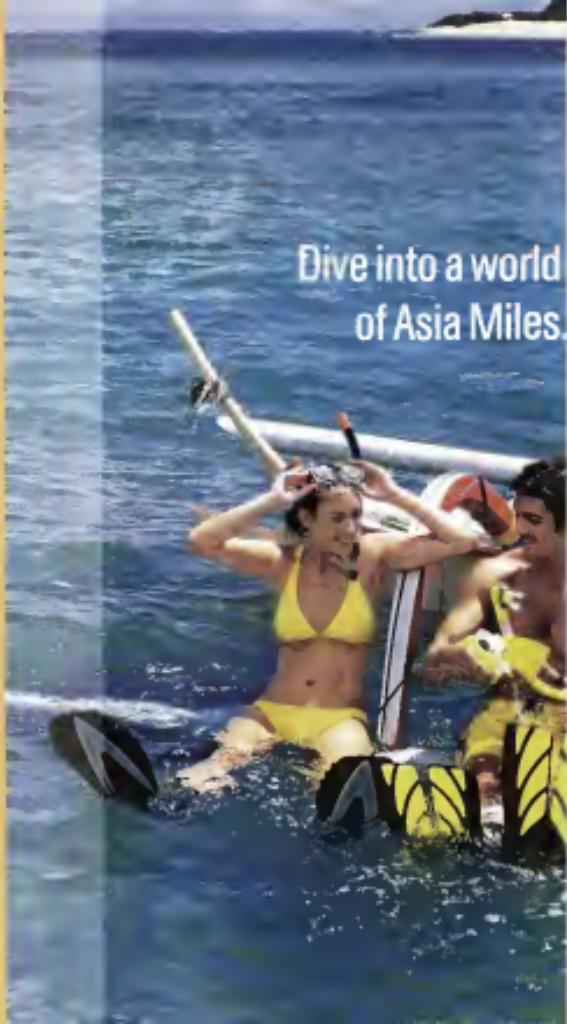
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Earn them, swap them, spend them: Reward miles and points add up to valuable currency in the pockets of savvy collectors, with the travel rewards industry pegged at \$15 billion in North America and Europe alone.

There's a powerful land of international currency burning a hole in travellers' wallets – and it's not just dollars, francs or even yen. The total stock of unredeemed travel miles is worth more than all the US dollar bills in circulation, the Economist magazine estimated last year. And although the fine print of most programs prohibits selling or bartering miles on the open market, agreements between program sponsors have led to a rise of controlled exchanges and strategic partnerships between branded rewards programs to swap benefits.

"Consumers are starting to get to the stage where they recognize these points and miles really are assets," says Rob MacLean, CEO of Points International Ltd., operator of the Points.com site, which bills itself as a "reward-program management portal." Since a typical Canadian holds six or seven loyalty program cards – slightly fewer than the average American, says MacLean – the service can make organizing the rewards wallet a lot easier.

At Points.com, members swap rewards between loyalty programs, redeem points and miles for gift cards from hundreds of retailers, top-up by purchasing more points and share miles and points with others. Registration is free.

"Every customer values these points differently," says MacLean. "The program that can get you to the reward you want – that's the program for you."

More flexible programs

For many travellers, the most valued choice of one-stop reward program includes the flexibility to redeem points for many different needs.

While the cornerstone of loyalty programs for the past 15 years has been points in exchange for airline

REWARDS TO BUILD ON: *Strong but flexible*

As the trend continues toward multiple redemption possibilities, reward card sponsors are certainly not closing their offers. The RBC Platinum Avion card, for example, offers attractive airline rewards – you earn a point for every dollar you spend and you can redeem them on any airline with no blackout periods and no rewards seat capacity restrictions.

But you can also redeem for other travel rewards through Carlson Wagonlit Travel, or for merchandise, gift certificates or vouchers that you can deposit, as cash, into one of the RBC family of RRSPs or RESP s.

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 - 5,000 Aeroplan Miles as a Welcome Bonus*
 - Air Canada Priority Airport Check-in Privileges* and more



- THE AMERICAN EXPRESS AEROPLANPLUS GOLD CARD
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tickets the last five years has seen a trend toward redeeming points to pay for their entire trip, says Donna Lue-Atkinson, director of marketing with Amex Bank of Canada in Markham. The company offers a selection of credit cards affiliated with loyalty programs from Amex's own Membership Rewards to co-branded cards with Aeroplan and Air Miles, among others.

Collectors are looking at the relevancy of their rewards program, says Lue-Atkinson. "They're looking beyond the air ticket to ask 'how else can I pay for my trip using my points?'" Often, she says, points are being redeemed for hotel accommodations, car rentals, even entire vacation packages.

The Holy Grail of rewards programs are those affiliated with platinum-branded credit cards that allow holders to earn points or miles at an accelerated rate for every dollar charged. Annual membership fees

may be as high as \$400, so it's fairly easy to do the math on how quickly it can pay for itself. Affiliates with other travel suppliers often mean collectors usually can swap or top-up points and miles with other frequent flyer and guest programs.

American Express has two leading platinum cards on the market, one earns 1.5 Membership Rewards points for every dollar spent, the other accumulates 1.25 Aeroplan miles for each dollar for the first \$25,000 spent, and 1.5 miles for every dollar thereafter — among the most generous in the marketplace.

"Their points ramp up very quickly in this kind of accelerated earnings product," says Lue-Atkinson who says that Amex's high-spending customers typically charge \$25,000 or more on their card in a year. And since the Platinum Membership Rewards card automatically gives holders the privileges of Gold Preferred membership in the Starwood Preferred Guest program, consumers get even more than they could bargain for on their own.

"They understand that they can leverage this spending into points or perks. It becomes purchasing power for them that really translates into tangible value," says Lue-Atkinson.

Livin' large in the lounge

Clubbing, airport-lounge style, brings the good life back to air travel

The first class airline lounge may well be the last best travel perk: a gracious pre-boarding sanctuary where you can relax and recuperate from the indignities of tightened airport security.

It used to be that only holders of first- or business-class tickets could gain entry into the inner sanctum of the luxurious airport lounge.

But today — even if you count yourself among the weary huddled masses who fly economy — you too can cross the threshold into this cushy jetset world if you hold the right rewards key.

One way through the door is



with a premium credit card since membership does indeed have its privileges for holders of American Express Platinum Card among others. Amex's Airport Club Program provides the perk of complimentary access to Continental Airlines Presidents Club lounges, Northwest Airlines WorldClubs lounges and Delta Crown Room Club lounges in major Canadian cities and around the world.

Aeroplan members of all status levels can buy into Air Canada's Maple Leaf Club program to gain access to the airline's network of national and international lounges at a cost of \$399 annually. So long as you hold a ticket for an Air Canada or allied flight, you can enjoy perks like wireless Internet access, complimentary beverages and business amenities in a private setting.

Taking another route in the door, a growing number of savvy global travellers – 1.5 million and counting – are discovering the benefits of joining an independent lounge access program called Priority Pass.

"This is different from the airline programs where you have to have flown with them to access their lounges," says Jennifer Archer, marketing director for Priority Pass. "PriorityPass.com in Plano, Tex., which operates what's billed as the world's largest independent VIP airport lounge access program,

NEWS AND HOT OFFERS

Rack up rewards and track member benefits

- The most generous reward offers are summarized online at RewardsCanada.ca. Compiled by Calgary-based editor Patrick Seyka, recent top picks include triple Aeroplan miles earned on flights between Canada and London until Dec. 15, 2006, and triple Starpoints for reserving online at select Starwood properties nationwide.
- Members of Marriott Rewards can now see an instant tally of their earned promotional points through a new Promotion Tracker feature on MarriottRewards.com. Collectors use a calculator to determine the number of days or nights needed to reach rewards goals.
- Starwood's Lurker in the Lobby columnist on its new TheLobby.com blog recently highlighted regional differences in welcome amenities offered to Starwood Preferred Guest Platinum members. Check into a Wilson in North America, for instance, and you'll get a choice of 500 Starpoints, beer and pretzels, a free movie or a \$10 movie voucher. In Latin America, the offering is 500 Starpoints, a bottle of wine, a cheese platter or assorted chocolates.
- Choice Hotels International has reprised its "Stay Twice" promotion this fall, in which guests earn a free night's lodging at over 10,000 hotels after two separate stays at any Comfort Inn, Comfort Suites, Quality Inn, Sleep Inn, Clarion or MainStay Suites in the U.S., Canada, the Caribbean and Mexico. To participate, guests must sign up for the Choice Privileges rewards program. The offer runs until Dec. 15, 2006.
- Hilton Honors Asia has expanded and revamped its first-class membership program throughout Asia. Called the Hilton Premium Club, members enjoy a variety of benefits and privileges including unlimited complimentary dining at any of the participating hotel restaurants when accompanied by a paying guest.
- Best Western International has debuted one-stop shopping at BestWestern.com, where guests can now book hotels, flights and rental cars as well as events, rides and sightseeing tours organized by Vistaer. The program offers more than 4,500 excursion packages ranging from tickets to Broadway's Phantom of the Opera to a Sambo wrestling tournament in Tokyo.
- New partnerships announced at Aeroplan media members can now accumulate or redeem points on everything from insurance products to satellite radio subscriptions. The program has recently added ING Canada, Sun Life Financial, XM Canada Satellite Radio, Swiss and South African Airways and Le Méridien Hotels and Resorts to its roster.
- Small business owners and entrepreneurs in Alberta's agricultural sector are being wooed by two new credit card products launched by ATB Financial. The Alberta Gold Rewards BusinessCard MasterCard and the Alberta Gold Ag Rewards BusinessCard MasterCard reward customers with 1.5 points for every \$1 spent on purchases. These can be redeemed for unique rewards such as a Honda ATVs, an Oregon Scientific Weather Station or QuikAir flight coupons.
- Thrifty Car Rental is doubling up credits offered to Blue Chip Rewards members until Nov. 15, 2006, for booking reservations on Thrifty.com. The promotion awards members with two credits for each rental day – 16 credits earn you a free day. ■

a)



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A directory gives directions to each lounge (your boarding pass must usually be for an airline in the same terminal) and which amenities are offered, ranging from internet access to showers to conference rooms.

"Free and Unfettered" speech has been curtailed.



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US\$99 annually plus US\$24 per visit; US\$249 annually plus US\$24 per visit after the first 10 free visits; or US\$399 for unlimited access.

In Canada, Priority Pass recently added the American Admirals Club in Toronto's Terminal 2 to its network, in addition to the KLM Crown Lounge for passengers in Terminal 3. Membership includes access to the Alaska Airlines Board Room lounge in Vancouver's International Terminal Building, as well as the airport's two Plaza Premium Lounges.

"I think it has been a well kept secret," says Arches, "but you can be any kind of traveller flying a low-cost airline and still enjoy the benefits of a business class seat."

Spotlight on . . . Asia Miles

North America has fastest growing membership outside of Hong Kong

Since its introduction to Canada five years ago, the Asia Miles rewards program has grown to see North America emerge as its fastest growing market outside of Hong Kong.

'It's really not just a flying program,' says Philippe Lacamp, vice-president for Canada with Cathay Pacific, founding partner and owner of the Asia Miles program. 'And it's not strictly a Cathay Pacific program either' he says. In fact, Asia Miles encompasses over 240 international partners in nine

product and service categories including airlines, finance and insurance, hotels, telecommunications, cars and transport, retail, dining, travel and leisure as well as health and beauty.

With 16 airlines on board, from British Airways to Qantas, it means points can be earned on American Airlines, to use one example, and redeemed on Alaska Airlines — a much more global scope than the Asia Miles name might suggest to those unfamiliar with it.

Aimed at the aspirations of a young, energetic audience – three-quarters of Asia Miles members are between the ages of 20 and 30 says Lacamp – the program's partners have been cherry-picked to include a select collection of exclusive products and



services that hold particular appeal

"It's really a lifestyle program," says Lacamp. For instance while airline travel is still the most popular reward redeemed, the most popular retail reward chosen by members today is Apple's iPod music and video player. Other redemption possibilities include golf, GolfCt courses, stays at Arwest Resorts across Canada or spa treatments at Vancouver's upscale Spa locations, among others.

Free membership and a notably generous redemption rate – a

Airline miles programs have become increasingly popular in North America. One reason is that a flight from Canada to Western Europe can be exchanged for some 45,000 miles compared to 20,000 on other popular programs - it is also behind the high perceived value to North American participants. The Asia Miles program also gives members a wide range of redemption opportunities, including upgrades, companion tickets and free flights to over 900 destinations worldwide.

A key component in Canada is the ability to accumulate points via the RBC Cathay Pacific Visa World card which earns one Asia Mile for every \$1 spent. Points are also transferable from the RBC world card. ■

BEAUTIFUL LOSER

Is Paul Reichmann on a comeback, or does he just want us to think so?

BY JASON KIRBY • Many note who find the real estate bond of death or turnover picks up a hobby. Paul Reichmann decided to launch a US\$1-billion insurance company. Last month, less than two years after he supposedly walked away from the business, the reclusive 76-year-old patriarch of Canada's most prominent real estate dynasty announced the formation of a new enterprise, PR Capital. Come spring, the company will switch from Toronto to London to Luxembourg. On Bay Street, most people in palpable and rumours are flying about just what the great addressed of Canadian real estate has planned. As the *Financial Times* put it recently, "The Canadian tycoon is back."

But others have thought the world had learned where it comes from Paul Reichmann, at first the guy you'd always see as they appear. For one thing, he has really suffered only one collapse, but repayment of his losses in real estate are an almost annual event. Over the past three years, the real estate developer has been tied to a series of high-profile deals. Each time he failed in his stated goal, but walked away millions of dollars richer, leaving Reichmann destined to be interviewed for the story, but the question is worth asking: Has the man lost his touch? Or has he figured out how to profit from failure like nobody else in the world of high stakes real estate?

With his shaggy, six-foot frame and slightly bent, it was long thought that Reichmann's word was gold and his handshake as good



REICHMANN IS still widely revered as one of the greatest investors in Canadian business.

as any signed contract. Through the 1970s and '80s, Paul, along with his brother Alvin and Ralph, Jewish immigrants from Australia, built empires through clear communication, Olym-park & Park Developments, that included Toronto's most prominent tower, First Canadian Place, and the World Financial Center in New York. As they ventured into the British market with the Canary Wharf office tower project in London's Docklands, it was Paul's charm and charisma that con-

RUOMRS ARE FLYING ON BAY ST. ABOUT WHAT THE GREAT OLD MAN OF REAL ESTATE HAS UP HIS SLEEVE

net worth of US\$7 billion. Reichmann's word was golden, and his handshake as good as any signed contract. But when the brothers finally ran afoul of the screw, Olym-park collapsed under the weight of a US\$30 billion debt, and the Reichmann empire, and fortune, came crashing down with it.

Without stopping to debate himself, Reichmann vowed to rebound. "I fully expect to

begin our second life in one corner we briefly left with a cushioned bid, which could triple a building's value and double its price over time.

Some believe Reichmann is trying to cover his tracks, threatening to never be seen again. He reportedly sold his weight behind the financials. An off-the-record source adds that the final price tag is Reichmann's 6.5 per cent stake, valued at \$10 million.

Morgan Stanley was set in 2004 with a US\$1 billion offer. Reichmann accepted it from the Canary Wharf board and sold his stake to Francois for more than US\$100 million. For years making the end of his name to his beloved project, though, he retained millions of warrants, giving him the option to buy back later. By some estimates, Reichmann now controls between 10 per cent and 15 per cent of Canary Wharf—more than he did before the going out.

Last year, he set his sights on G&T Properties—the company formed by Reichmann's nephew Philip Reichmann and son-in-law Frank Haier in the wake of Olympia & York's collapse in the 1990s. In early 2005, Francois once again emerged as a bidder. This time, he portmanteaued Paul Reichmann to team up with Toronto financier Gerry Schwartz for a rival bid. In the end, Francois paid top dollar for the building. The much vaunted owner-officer Reichmann and Schwartz never did materialize, but the mere suggestion undoubtedly drove up the price.

Finally, last month Reichmann enjoyed yet another round of "comeback" stories after he bid to buy a company called Renaissance Real Estate Investment Trust. For nearly a year, speculation has mounted that Reichmann, who owns 17 per cent of the unit's units, planned a take-over. His resignation from the company's board of trustees in July simplified the rumours. In late September, his new company, PR Capital, and he would build the company. Two days later, the Public Sector Pension Investment Fund, which manages investment funds for federal and provincial pension plans with its own bid, which Reichmann, uncharacteristically, declined. Reichmann, stunned, had lost again.

Except one really believes Reichmann's return is serious. Shaan Polubak, a real estate analyst with Canaccord Adams in Toronto, and Reichmann's off-camera business associate and confidante, says he has no little capital. PR Capital is not being alone. "It has a kick-starting factor inasmuch as its ability to buy [Renaissance Real Estate]. It's his availability of financing," says Polubak. "That's why he's been in his main room. Where does he get the money? Because he doesn't have it himself." But by bidding, Reichmann forced out a series of offers from the pension fund. And Reichmann has yet to announce whether

LANDMARKS: CANARY WHARF AND RENT CANADIAN PLACE

this the money that will go to fund the new investment firm and another huge splash? With Reichmann there are always more questions than answers.

There's especially what's known to the man in the mirror. Those who know him—whether in a staff, neighborhood and/or legal group—aren't surprised that Reichmann couldn't settle into a quiet retirement. "Bob" is making a big assumption that he never retired in the first place," says one executive who has worked closely with him. "But they also know he isn't easy, given his age. "The popular phrase these days is to leave a legacy and that's probably part of it," says one corporate director who has sat on boards with Reichmann. "It would be a great irony if you addressed point-blank, 'Is he going to make a serious come-back?' my answer would be, probably not."



EACH TIME THAT HE'S FAILED IN HIS STATED GOAL, HE HAS WALKED AWAY MILLIONS RICHER ANYWAY

True.

That triggered a fresh round of rumours that Reichmann, who already owned a stake, is preparing to mount a takeover of the property manager. It could be yet another attempt to find out a prospective buyer to take control off his hands as a premature exit.

In September, he sold a portfolio of nearly 70 investment properties to a U.S. health care company for US\$640 million. In

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MACLEAN'S SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

TRYING TO CATCH A FALLING STAR

The Toronto Star's shake-up is a sign of troubled times

BY STEVE MARSH • There will be no happy ending for the new Star trust investors just yet. Last Friday, Torstar Corp appointed them to take over operations of the Toronto Star, new publisher Jagoda Ploz and editor-in-chief Fred Krome received stern warning from Bay Street about how heavily stacked the odds are against them.

Last Friday, Merrill Lynch wealth analyst Joel Surber had put out a research report recommending shareholders sell the company's media assets, a particularly harsh move, given it was his first report on Torstar, and brokerage firms since then never issued coverage with a sell/review recommendation. His 30-page report outlined a theory of challenges, problems and risks facing one of the most powerful media businesses in the country. Torstar's stock has dropped 21 per cent this year, but Surber laid it on the line: "I have no doubt that he thinks it has further to fall."

Simply put, all of Torstar's financial indicators are heading in the wrong direction, and results at its core newspaper operations are at the heart of the problems. Advertising revenue has been declining at a rate of 7.1 per cent per year since 2000. Operating costs in the newspaper division have risen by 21 per cent, or \$175 million, over the same period. Staffed newsroom projects net profit will decline by almost half over the next four years.

The Star's readership has been declining by almost five per cent a year since 2000, a slower decline than other major newspapers, but a significant drop nevertheless. Over that period, the Star's readership market share in the Toronto area has slipped from 43 per cent to 33 per cent, due mostly to the arrival of free daily newspaper papers.

It amounts to a daunting challenge for two

former Pike and Rountree will be asked to halt the readership decline while simultaneously cutting costs. So far, Torstar has done only modest cost cutting—a four per cent trim in the Harlequin book publishing division aimed at saving \$1 million yearly, and a cut of 70 jobs from its call-centre this past summer. But it has become obvious that nothing will be done at Torstar until the fundamental challenges facing its flagship are addressed, and investors are losing faith. Two major analysts recently downgraded the company's credit ratings because of mounting debt and concerns regarding earnings. The Merrill report was seen as yet another ringing vote of no confidence, since the brokerage's "sell" ratings are only about seven per cent of its inquiries at this stage.

All of this goes a long way to explaining

ALL TORSTAR'S FINANCIAL TRENDS ARE HEADING THE WRONG WAY, AND BAY STREET IS LOSING FAITH

chief executive Rob McEwan's decision to mount a new team at the Star. Ex-soldier Giller Chisholm and deposed publisher Michael Goldblatt failed to turn the tide. And even if Pike and Rountree can do better, Surber points to several variables that could derail them, starting with the economy. Any unforeseen downturn could worsen Torstar's already tenuous financial position. Then there's the cost of newsprint, which management can't control, and the company's pension fund, which has liabilities that could eat significantly into future profits.

But the biggest wild card may be the staff.

Torstar's journalists are widely unionized, as are workers at its Ontario printing operations. Notably, those employees will oppose plans to downsize and cut costs. The Star's newsroom union has already expressed concern that the new leadership's main objective is to slash and burn.

Love Potion Number 3.141592

A study says two math whizzes are more likely to have an autistic child

BY DAPHNA LEIBERMAN • It was dubbed the "girls' syndrome": a male surgeon who studied children diagnosed with autism in California throughout the '90s. State records show that while autism rates were relatively stable between 1990 and 2000, and men born were especially high in Santa Clara County, the heart of Silicon Valley. The theory floated at the time—based on anecdotal evidence—but that cluster of autism cases evolved from the mating and breeding of techies who'd flooded the valley during the dot-com craze, creating a gene pool rich with autistic predisposition.

New there is scientific evidence to back up the notion that "autism runs." One of the less intuitive ideas about love is that it's driven by DNA, in particular by a mutation in DNA that matches our own. It's called assortative mating, and scientists are working to figure out if it may help explain a worldwide increase in the prevalence of autism: almost one per cent of children are currently diagnosed with autism spectrum disorder (which includes Asperger's syndrome), up from just over 10,000 in the '70s. Improved diagnostic tools are widely recognized as a key factor in that shift, but new research by Simon Baron-Cohen, director of the Autism Research Centre at the University of Cambridge, suggests the Silicon Valley hypothesis may also play an important part, given the influx of women into scientific and technological fields over the past decade and a half.

Scientists have never consensus today that autism, which, at its most severe, can prevent a person from communicating or relating with others, is primarily genetic. Many believe the genes that cause it are highly influential, but some, like Baron-Cohen, think they're isolated with regularity in the general population. Baron-Cohen, who is, yes, the cousin of the Sheen Baron-Cohen referred to elsewhere in this magazine (as Boris) believes parents of children with ASD share what he calls "systemizing" genes, making them especially good at noticing details, focusing on rules and understanding patterns. His research has turned up unusual similarities among the parents, including exceptional skills in geometry (two out of four common patterns of brain activity). And on my given morning, both mother and father are likely

to have had an engineer for a father.

Baron-Cohen had hoped to continue his research with a Silicon Valley-type populous in a university dedicated to math and science (he noted that the school not be herself, but the present one) but down. "People were worried that might put them in a bad light," he says. That's because the other side of Baron-Cohen's theory is that systemizing goes hand-in-hand with empathizing, lowering strong systems with very compassionate

and believes women can have male brains.) It's almost impossible to imagine these tests being used as dating quizzes, or ways for couples to make reproductive choices. "Some people might be quite worried about that approach to parenting," says Baron-Cohen.

Autism researchers only another layer to squabble that scientists are doing their work. "The question we get asked most often is, 'what's the likelihood my second child is going to be autistic?'" says Stephen Scherer, a molecular biologist at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. "If the genetic map of autism is quickly garnished in, there is already substantial evidence pointing to specific circumstances where genes for autism are located."



AUTISM may be explained by our attraction to DNA that's like our own.

social shifts. And it is the social deficit that makes life so difficult for people with autism.

That proves right, what does death do the information? Baron-Cohen argues controversially: "It's going to lead to the question of whether we have to be careful who we mate with or have kids with," he says. He is currently collecting data with online questionnaires that score a person's systemizing, empathizing and autistic traits. Participants rate how strongly they agree or disagree with statements like, "I can easily visualize how the characters in my novel look up," or "I find it easy to put myself in someone else's shoes."

(Some of results have male-female differences, Baron-Cohen has argued the male trait is more vulnerable to autism, which explains how our. However, Baron-Cohen

isn't hopeful they will soon be able to diagnose specific types of autism, recommend tailored behavioral programs, perhaps develop drugs to treat negative symptoms, maybe find ways to turn certain genes on or off. It's even possible that all of this can happen before a baby is born.

Baron-Cohen hopes his research will underscore how important quantifying genes are in our technologically dependent culture, and so cause more and more to help autistic children, rather than try to eradicate autistic genes. And Scherer believes identifying the genetic source of autism will shift the culture around a condition once associated with "refrigerator mothers" and prenatal abstinence. After all, we can't help our genes. And we usually don't get to choose who we fall in love with.

PLEASE PRAY: EATING YOUR BATH

PMK, a Tokyo beauty spa, has introduced chocolate baths to help smooth away wrinkles and rejuvenate women's bodies. Chocolate contains polyphenols which, spa director Tawara Mitomo says, can delay the effects of aging. The "bath" actually consists of a paste of chocolate and magnesium salts, which is massaged on women's bodies while they lie on massage tables. "I'll have your skin smooth as glass for a week," Mitomo says.

TONICS

She picks at her food.

"Mom, I'm not hungry."

she eats mostly of lettuce leaves.

water, this soap.

"I NEVER SEE MY DAUGHTER EAT"

Her face looks too thin,

her lips,

this I find her beautiful

mother is a cook

under the couch,

dirty girls.

motherish in her pants,

I hug her and feel Pangs,

she feels like she's fading away in my arms

and nothing I say or do will make her

just eat something

"Mom I'm not hungry"

Misunderstood Marie Antoinette

A few women can get away with conspicuous consumption. Most can't. BY BARBARA AMIEL

The head of the 17-year-old Marie Antoinette, queen of France, was presented her thirtieth 213 years ago in the Place de la Concorde. The executioner held it up by the throat and whacked his axe at the nape of the neck. But she had been forced to charge into a white shift from of the gondolier—lather black prison dress—before her execution. She had been born, however, having beauty for days, and as she changed, she tried to hide her bloodstained chemise from the guards' eyes.

Marie Antoinette went, historians tell us, eagerly to her death. Life was no longer of any great import to her. She showed no signs of fear, no hesitations as she bounded up the stairs to the gallows with hands tied behind her. Her dignity was incomprehensible to the rabble of the time. "The whore," wrote Jacques Hélier, editor of *Le Peupl du Château*, "was bald and emaciated to the very end." Only one of her children survived the French Revolution, and that daughter had no children. The blood that splashed over the scaffold would never run in the veins of descendants.

Her physical life ended in high drama. The king had a leg amputated. Was the sister or more armed agent? For medical gadding and books, or a neglected wife drowning sorrow in ritual therapy?

With exception come a new industry. Virtually every friend of hers who survived the French Revolution wrote a book of memoirs, as did her chamberlain, the first, second, and third under madame, the proudest man in charge of the last queen, the governesses

of her children, and even her executioner. Only Mops, her dog, stayed out of print.

In the post couple of months, we've seen a new PBS two-hour documentary on her life, the publication of Caroline Weber's book *Queen of Fashion* on her wardrobe. Her

a new *Madame Bovary*. Her life took place at a punctum maximum history lacked, she was the consummate monarch though she never reigned in. An entire world order came to an end on her watch. She was born an Austrian archduchess, daughter of the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and his formidable wife, Maria Theresa. At 15, she was sent to marry the dauphin of France, a boy she had never seen, in order to cement relations between Austria and France.

Her life began with the abdication of the Hapsburg empire, when all power lay with her parents, and ended in the bloodbath, savage excess of the French Revolution, when all power lay in the hands of "the people." There would be restoration and later regencies, but the world of Constitutional aristocracy would never be the same after her execution.

Saint or sinner, Marie Antoinette's astonishing extravagance deserves some context, and John DeJohann's book *The Raison d'Style* gives it. Marie Antoinette's (great-great-great) grand father, as the "Sun King," Louis XIV, created from Paris and Versailles as style masters to outdo Louis XIV's, the guild of His late baroness was officially recognized and a new word, "couturier," was created. Paris got its first dress gown (Madame de Pompadour in Place de l'Étoile, Madame Barbeau and Madame Prevost on the rue des Petits-Champs) and fine celebrity tailors for women; previously there had only been tailors for men and their wigs.

The Sun King encouraged the haute-couture culture of luxury goods that was to ensnare Marie Antoinette (and the rest of us), and promoted the French textile industry by such measures as outlawing silks from the Far East. By the time of Marie Antoinette, Jeanne Nécier, one of the earliest dress manufacturers before the Revolution, could say with sincerity, "For the French, taste is the most beautiful of businesses." Just like her, the author of *Marie Antoinette: The Journey*, Anne-Marie Faucon, believes that the French



KIRSTEN DUNST in the film *Marie Antoinette*. (COURTESY: MINNEAPOLIS CINEMA)

Marie Antoinette, a children's book by Lynn Cullen, and now a feature film. That time *Rebecca* Diana roared around as the exuberant queen in Sofia Coppola's take, based on Antonia Fraser's authoritative biography *Marie Antoinette: The Journey*.

The definitive *Marie Antoinette* film begins

in modern usage, the name Marie Antoinette has become the negative flipside of the female consumer gone mad—the tower of lead serums of jewels in glitz—or the normalized trophy mentality. The morning of the presidential palace in Paris was bound to be described as having "a Marie Antoinette moment" when Emile Malet of *Le Monde* this collector was discovered. Louis XVI knew the Queen of Mops (a play on the Queen of Tees), as Marie Antoinette is often called when he told her housekeeper "only little people pay taxes." "Detachable! Eat! Eat!" Peers called for a power hungry Marie Antoinette after she reached for the pemphigic beside—and the Christian Dior couture.

The accusation of someone being a "Marie Antoinette" is a shorthand, as exaggerated as ever paid. We clothe the epithet at any high-handed woman, especially one who has clutched the gravy plate through her association with rats, rather than by birth or her own personal platemate. Queen Elsa is a Marie Antoinette when she indulges in too many hairdressing bills or buys expensive horses for her children. Miss Muffet, Mrs. Verdi, was indeed *Madame Elsie* to Marie Antoinette when she shopped too enthusiastically for the press corps' along New York socialite Susan Gutfreund was endlessly promoted as a Marie Antoinette, not only because of the lavish gifts she gave friends, but probably because she was, after all, just a right aristocrat for the *Aus aus Chicago* and *not born in the little English cottage* she occasionally mentioned. Louis XVI was a high school dropout claiming to have attended Hunter College.

Some women can just about get away with conspicuous consumption if they are sufficiently liked. When Jacqueline Kennedy returned to monumental cultural bills beyond John F. Kennedy's means, as one asserted Marie Antoinette, though the name was invoked when the lysene *Madame Giscard*—the short, smelly Greek husband being less scrupulous than the tall baldish American one, Diane, Princess of Wales couldn't have been more of a duchess in her beautiful outfit by Catherine Walker and Trevor Oldfield, that she was adored, and moreover span the name that she was doing it for British fashion—an echo of the segment that Marie Antoinette's various orders were to help the French textile industry.

Men get a pass all the time. There is no comparable fury directed at males who go off the rails buying wordlyrics of Sonja Henie, Giacchino or raised their uponselfs (now aka) madame (now aka) shahmama (now aka) made from the hair of some antique living atop of Tibetan mountain. They are not gender busters, merely magnification that men usually earn, public

men's wealth will have been massive or greatly increased if the had no sense of entitlement and believed himself to be going away with something—like the secretary who steals a million dollars from her boss and spends it on Cartier watches and holiday homes.

ALL 'MARIE ANTOINETTES' SHARE HER BLINDNESS TO THE DANGERS OF SOCIAL GENEROSITY



JACQUELINE KENNEDY IN 1965

together or steal the money they spend. Women only don't. They spend the money that some men耳朵 or stabs for them.

How did Marie Antoinette stack up next to Princess Di or Jacqueline Kennedy? The closer one looks in the fated queen, the more ordinary she seems. She had no special talent, wit, or even beauty—in they both did, though her skin was said to have an exquisite complexion. In fact, she had no special virtue or vice. She was accurately summed up in the subtitle of Stefan Zweig's biography *Marie Antoinette: Portrait of an Average Woman*: when a person of ordinary qualities gets thrown into an extraordinary situation in life, then, both their virtues and vices may be magnified.

An average person is defined by the norms into which they are born. The very quality that makes them average is that they are no more or less than the total product of their time and place. Marie Antoinette simply believed she was, well, Marie Antoinette, daughter of the great Maria Theresa and wife of the French king. She was entitled to what she wanted. That's the way the 18th century worked for a queen.

Her actions would have been massive or greatly increased if the had no sense of entitlement and believed himself to be going away with something—like the secretary who steals a million dollars from her boss and spends it on Cartier watches and holiday homes. Jean Cocteau said of Victor Hugo's pretensions and trap hunting that he was "the real man who destroyed the Victor Hugo"—Marie Antoinette was the spoiler who helped the real Marie Antoinette. Being a rather torless person, she was basically unconcerned about fulfillment or romantic endeavor. She did the best in what she was supposed to do, being the leader of French style.

These blundering frocks got her through a year French. The average point of view, though, must suggest that the woman who spent hundreds of millions on the interior and garden of the Petit Trianon, in part to create an appearance of rustic simplicity, is never ever age or normal. Yet the queen, dressed in her version of simple rural clothes (the latest "Arts" ordered by the duclos from her favorite Rouen tailors, Jean and Jeanne) of embroidery in the spolied little castle she built, was doing nothing extraordinary.

But she wasn't even a footnote. Only her role was more intense than her status. When it came to the startling "new" design of the gardens at Versailles, her inferiorities, she was a wily negotiator for the estate for the succession of philomapher Jean Jacques Rousseau. Antonio Foscarini put her Doge on it when the wrote that whether it was Marie Antoinette's love for the garden that motivates racism or her desire to move out of the "bourgeoisie brigade of ceremony" into a simpler life, the queen was only really the surrogate of her time. Even Marie Antoinette's notorious pay-offணான் had been tested with the layered outside look of the 17th century. By 1713, the hats were so tall that the due de Saint-Simon quipped that women's fashions were now "in the middle of their bodies."

Marie Antoinette discovered high life in 1774 when Renée Béatrix—on prom—was presented to her by the duclos of Chartres. The notion of hat that exceeded several feet high, sporting everything from bird cages to slugs (like the hats of contemporary British editor Philip Tracy), infuriated her and it became her signature look. Just as Meg Ryan's slugs was copied by them that night to have known her, to the queen's chagrin because the standard look in court demanded the hats and lower bourgeoisie. After her rise, Marie Antoinette paid a profit with aristocrats, nobility and oblige, as well as the French king. She was entitled to what she wanted. That's the way the 18th century worked for a queen.

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As if sexual drought wasn't bad enough for a young woman, she also had to cope with pay raises impeding her menstrual cycle, the vacuous emanation or lack of them from her husband, and the condition of last night's bed linen to every court in Europe. Each royal house had some sort of mistress in the marriage bed of the French royalty. She watched the scrutiny with per- fect serenity.

Elegante didn't permit her to put on her own dress. Faussement, she was naked and shivering in her bed-chamber, waiting for her dress to be placed on her body by the highest-ranking woman in the room. Moreau-share, she bed-room door would open to admit yes another man who punctuated the blood to whom her cheeks had to be refreshed. She responded to the formal pantomime with only subtle variations, managing to keep her rebellious dulcile of French aristocratic sanctity under control.

But there was nothing at her disposal for resistance. Maria Theresa had given her daughter no lecherous decrees in the face of bawdry. There had been no reprimand for using the heat of her friend's penis around an a-pika, no etiquette lessons on how to deal with male buyers for her to be torn from him firmly, or the newspaper editor who caused her to be dragged through the streets at the tail of a galloping horse. After the execution of her husband, she fought to save her children, only to have them all taken from her and then, to say, right merrily, her banished eight-year-old son publicly and enthusiastically ready that she had indulged in unnatural sexual practices with her. Her Austrian royal relatives abandoned her. Yet she never flinched during her last four years of hell.

Ordinary people who are too trusting times with great courage are not informed by their size, as much instigators of war and occupation than in a more prudential level, many winners in the public eye and destined to suddenly stand in humiliating and difficult situations and make something admirable out of their jaws. Katherine Grainger was fat-

ig, abdication by the dethroned husband she loved, when he committed suicide. She overcame her own compunction to run the newspaper empire (Monocle), the Walling-ton Post and several TV stations, with enormous success. Jacqueline Kennedy endured

political career. Diana von Ferberberg rose like a comet and lived on glossy magazine conversations half of a Marie Antoinette socialite people, apologetic for parties and fast. When her marriage failed, she carried all those late nights and wretched experiences into a successful business empire based on the own unique wrap dress. The sort of get-away-it-and-an-atmosphere-to-life-as-related-to-the-Marie-Antoinette syndrome in the frack--and for megalomaniacs to score plus--but rarely gives the credit due.

In the end, the one final thing all so called Marie Antoinettes share with the real one is blindness to the dangers of any social generosity they may display. When Marie Antoinette invited friends beneath her royal canopy to their Triton, she never thought that for every one invited, she was making at least a dozen enemies of, as Foster puts it, "those left out." Even the friends she invited might have felt they were not well enough suited by any measure. Whether it is the 18th century or the 21st, the same pitfalls await anyone who achieves any sort of social prominence.

Happy, today there is no guideline for thelessly great. Only the liberators and tabloids still stirred up the media romana. These days their motto is not even patriotic here but rather the most basic notion of all--to kill their souls and other people's lives for seconds of exta- sion and a few pennies. In her lifetime, Marie Antoinette never understood the power of these crude pamphleteers. As the blade dropped, she was more likely thinking of her Creator than the pillow person, a far better choice of subject for the new world, but an unwise omission in the one she left. ■



MARIE ANTOINETTE IN 1793. THE SAME YEAR SHE FACED THE GUILLOTINE.

the summation of her husband and the mediocrities of her marriage to Austria to become an accomplished book editor and devoted mother, bene in her own permanent death.

Hillary Clinton will never a slacker, always an icon, but it takes quite something to turn your husband's public betrayal into the platform to launch your own spectacular

CHINA: HISTORIC SACRIFICE RATES A TV
The reward comes better late than never but on the 20th anniversary of the Long March, the Chinese government is rewarding survivors of the trek as well as those who helped them along the way. The famous trek of thousands of Communists fled to the remote interior to escape the Nationalist forces of Chiang Kai-shek. The reward will be 80,000-TV sets, which a state newspaper says, will solve the Long March survivors' "problems of viewing difficulties."



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DOPES WITH A ROPE

Skipping is vanishing, along with other classic games. Big deal? It is.

BY CYNTHIA REYNOLDS • On a Saturday afternoon at a playground in Toronto, a little girl in pajamas was skipping rope. "To be honest, she was hopping over the rope, rather than jumping it," says Linda Wilson, who runs the gymnasium and who doesn't know any songs or rhymes. "We used to say all the time," her mother said, shaking her head. Tanya Langford, a teacher in St. Catharines, Ont., knows what she means: "Skipping doesn't really happen anymore," she says.

"Double dutch—I haven't seen that in the seven years I've been teaching." It's much the same story in the U.K.: a group called Skipping Works has started up partnerships with schools to teach kids how to skip again.

But the future isn't quite skipping. Many kinds of loose parts play, which rely on imagination and simple play (like blocks or really ping-pong), are vanishing. Pearl Marks, a recreational therapist and parent of two, was so concerned after watching kids just running the grounds at recess that she founded Positive Playgrounds, an Edmonton-based nonprofit organization that teaches youth the forgotten games of kickball, marbles, freeze-tag. A growing number of parents, teachers and business leaders think it's important to add them to the mix, which they say our play deficit could affect when our economic strength dips down the road.

The toy guys are also tackling the problem. A shrinking toy industry, trying to even pace with the monster DVD and gaming mar-

ket, has shifted its focus from loose parts playthings like building blocks or zoo animals to structured, often electronically sophisticated toys that can be used only in their intended way. Today's toys, says Diane Levin, professor of education at Wheelock College in Boston, usually tell kids exactly what tasks to perform. "I see kids play in Toy Story now and say 'What does it do?'" says Levin, who was honored by Harvard for its exhibit at the 2006 International Toy Fair after criticizing one of its McDonald's surprises: tiny kiosks come with moulds so kids could make only Mc-

ONE GROUP HOLDS WORKSHOPS ON SKIPPING; ANOTHER TEACHES KIDS HOW TO PLAY KICKBALL

Bronfman's burgers, beans, fons and shakers. Levin's Logo has responded: as strategy, concentrating less on basic blocks that tell kids to figure out how and what to make, and more on products with step-by-step instructions for building specific robots, or craft manipulatives, such as the Star Wars Jedi's 3D Barge, which sells for \$179.99.

The results are impressive. An Ottawa home daycare provider who keeps a blog called "It's Not All Mary Poppins," notes that her par-

schoolers sit in her living room and play plenty of toys, and look to her to tell what to do. She'll get the fun going, but as soon as the recesses, some of the kids just put down their toys and stop playing. She blames parental guilt in part. "We feel it's wrong not stimulating and enriching our children all the time, that we're neglecting them," she says. "They've become subservient to being entertained."

What many parents have recognized is that there can still be creativity, says Dr. Bruce Perry, a renowned neuroscientist based in Colorado, Colo., and director of the program's Master of Children's Services. "When kids say, 'I'm bored,'" he says, "if you let them stay there long enough, they will eventually become inventive in their thinking." But well-intentioned adults replace boredom with active stimulation.

The worst part is that kids end up doing the same activities. "We are developing a major biological 'stagnancy,'" he says. "We're educating our kids to cognitively homogenize and raising people who are very good at being followers and employees. If they can't play in the community, they'll be ill equipped to deal with it."

Ironically, it's those kids least prepared to take the economic risks who have it the worst. Psychologist Madeline Levine wrote her recent bestseller, *Pieces of Everything*, after watching her practice fill up with affluent parents showing signs of depression and general unhappiness. Their parents can afford nonstop enrichment and entertainment—from private tutors and coaches to DVD players and Playstations in the cars—which means they get little time to daydream and find pleasure to solve on their own. Levine heard about a dad who had the children at his son's year-end music-themed birthday party come from across the station to stand in front of a Hammie. Eight years later, says Levine, kids like this are writing in her office, angry, hurt—not to mention boring. She sees every day why kids no longer "do it."

In class, Rodolphe's students are engaged by stories. "They want stories for doing work, they're puzzled why they should have to solve no problems he could easily hand out photocopies. She sees every day why kids no longer "do it." They're too busy being entertained."

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YOU CAN'T PACK YOUR FAMILY



A DYING MOTHER ATTENDS TO FINAL BUSINESS

Gweneth H., a 54-year-old woman, who killed her son with a hoe while she slept was recently freed from prison. Now in the final stages of cancer, the unidentified prisoner was granted release by medical authorities so she might conclude her life peacefully at home. But when she got there, the family standard-bearer husband in the chair with a smile. Now back in custody, she's warned officials that if they let her out again she'll disappear when other men

'I USED TO TELL PEOPLE WE WERE POOR. BUT THEN A VOICE INSIDE ME SAID, "DEREK, STOP SAYING THAT. YOUR MOTHER LOVED YOU. SHE READ SCRIFURES TO YOU.'" —'CATCH A FIRE' STAR DEREK LUKE

PAUL AND PAULA SMITH

RETURN OF A LION KING

After being told that her kidnapped husband was dead, Paula Smith explained to their two young sons, Jenkins, 4, and Marcell, 2, that daddy was "just like the Lion King, he's gone to heaven now and he won't be back again," and began playing him in their basement at their home near Liverpool, Scotland. Paul Smith, 32, and so other of world's wives kidnapped when an armed gang stormed their compound in the middle of each delta region of Nigeria where kidnapping, especially of expatriate energy workers, is a regularity. It's his latest that has kidnappers writing a \$44-million ransom, forcing one of Smith's fellow humans to announce his death as a negotiating tactic. It's not known if it's true or not, but after three weeks of captivity the men were freed and Paul Smith returned to work on Sunday by calling his son to say, "I'm not dead and I'm coming home." One thing is crystal clear: Smith, dubbed "Lazarus" in his hometown, won't be going back to his penthouse Negrino—his wife has moved there.



JAN PRONK

A REUNITED DIPLOMAT IS SHOWN THE EXIT

Outspoken UN envoy Jan Pronk,

Kofi Annan's man in Sudan since 2004, was ordered out of the country this week for comments he made on his website. Pronk, known for his unorthodox brand of diplomacy, hit a nerve with President Omar al-Bashir's government when he criticized the way it was handling the war in Darfur, revealing in April that their morale is low and they had two major battles to Darfur's rebel forces in the past month. The comments, claimed officials in Sudan, inflamed military, compromise military operations. But the opposition disagrees. "The government could not believe him with money or manpower and that is why they sent him out," says Shafiq Ibrahim, a member of the rebel National Redemption Front. "Jan Pronk was the voice of those suffering in Darfur." Sudans' woes to keep up relations with the US, but many feel the statements Darfur (300,000 killed, 2.5 million displaced) will only worsen now that Pronk is gone.

RACHEL HUNTER

TWO MINUTES FOR CRADLE ROBBING

The New Zealand teen supermodel has officially won the age game when it comes to makeampionships, having taken up with hockey star Jarrett Stoll, 21. The Edmonton Oilers forward is one of several younger men linked to Hunter, 17, since her divorce from 21-year-old singer Rod Stewart ended in April. Others included British pop-star Robbie Williams. The mother of two briefly left the label "young mom" saying she didn't want to become a pin-up attraction for her 12-year-old son's friends. Still, she admits to understanding the interest young men have for older women. "It's that Mrs. Robinson thing." And that would perhaps explain the ardour of the Edmonton hockey mutha, with whom she spent a summer holiday. "I think older women look a lot younger now," she says. Evidently, she's looking younger, too.

DEREK LUKE

AN INNER-CITY BOY'S HOLLYWOOD DREAM

The actor is proof that Condoleezza Rice's call came true in Hollywood. Derek Luke was working in a souvenir shop on the ferry when then-Demo. Washington cast him as the lead in his directing debut, *Amistad* (1997). Now on *Catch A Fire*, Luke is starting to consider real-life heroes, former South African freedom-fighter Patrick Chamusso. "I was told I had no shot in Hollywood," says Luke, 42, who grew up in New Jersey. "I rose from the lower city [Bronx] house to become a pin-up attraction for my 12-year-old son's friends. Still, she admits to understanding the interest young men have for older women. "It's that Mrs. Robinson thing." And that would perhaps explain the ardour of the Edmonton hockey mutha, with whom she spent a summer holiday. "I think older women look a lot younger now," she says. Evidently, she's looking younger, too.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF PACHOUD/AGENCE FRANCE PRESSE; CATCH A FIRE: EVERETT COLLECTION; PATRICK CHAMUSSO: EVERETT COLLECTION

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

RACING TO RETIREMENT

Whether he persona was the archetype of testosterone, his racing style will likely win any doubt about his passion. As Formula One's greatest driver, Michael Schumacher wanted to run last Sunday's Brazilian Grand Prix, his final F1 appearance before he retires. Instead, he shrilled his left arm early, and fell to tenth and last place. He eventually finished, miraculously fourth, breaking his nose in a racecar accident. The Ferrari man, Kimi Raikkonen, An unprecedented seven F1 championships attest to Schumacher's不可超越的 skills, while his critics often rubbed many the wrong way. He was accused for crashing into Damon Hill in 1995, taking both out of the race, but saving "Schumi" of that season's crown. He returned in it again in 1999, when it looked like he deliberately turned away Canadian Jacques Villeneuve's car. When Schumacher announced his retirement last month he showed little emotion. The man was a machine—a fast one.

EVO MORALES

BOLIVIAN HONEYMOON ENDS WITH A BRAWL

Notoriously unpredictable, Bolivians have begun to turn on Evo Morales, the Andean nation's first indigenous president, just months after his election. Although Morales this week pledged to return "to the death" Venezuelan's bid for a rotating seat on the UN Security Council, rural rural struggles are taking place at home. Clashes between workers in state-owned oil-refining companies and those from independent oil companies seeking work from state-owned firms broke out earlier this month, and with grisly results. Miners fought one another with guns and sticks of dynamite, resulting in 10 dead and 11 injured. Morales delayed a trip before dispatching army police. The Bolivian media have called it the day of "Tim Wile." Other miners' battles over resources have toppled previous presidents. Morales's reputation in dealing with his wailing electorate may prompt a similar fate.

ANDRÉ BOISCLAIR

A NEW LEADER IS LOST IN THE CROWD

It should have been the Parti Québécois' year to shine. It was a chance to make its bid for the National Assembly in the new face of the separatist party leader. But he was swamped by a mix of insiders and old supporters. @hen André Boisclair attended the Quebec City dedication of a new statue of the late Liberal prime minister Robert Bourassa, then was named Liberal Premier Jean Charest, presiding over the high-profile affair. Also hogging the limelight was former PQ leader Jacques Parizeau, probably trying to rub shoulders with another old boy, Lucien Bouchard, who had triggered a heated political debate by warning that Quebecers are not productive enough to sustain their lifestyle. Parizeau thought and said to Boisclair once promised to recruit "as bold a team as Jean-Léonard" Dorion—one would notice.

ADRIAN MEASNER

THE WHEAT CHEEF

OTTAWA

Faced with a Conservative promise to strip the western grain marketing agency of its sales monopoly, Canadian Wheat Board CEO Adrian Measner last weekend labelled the government's methods "un-Canadian." He's serious that the government, currently awaiting a report on how to end the CWB's monopoly, slipped a under instruction on the agreement forbidding it from defending its current monopoly as the sole seller of more than 20 million tonnes of grain annually. The big order "ensures an unequal playing field," complained Measner. "We're a government that's free to talk about their vision and we're not able to talk about our vision." He's called for a "market" placeholder on the CWB's future. While the CWB appears willing they can get better prices for their grain, consumers are starting to take sides. Bégin's Barbeau bakery, one of that country's biggest, has threatened to buy from Australia if Canada's "one-stop shop" disappears.



IS THIS THE BONO WE LOVE?

He's part owner of Forbes, and of a firm that makes games for the army...Et tu, U2?

BY SHARON DINEEN • Like a pied-toe lover, Bono wants his foot back. U2's former stylist, Lola Cashman, has her finger on his newest shirt, a Christian bumper sticker, leather pants, a pair of hoop earrings and most importantly his Station hat—the one he wore during the Edie and Frodo Cashman worked with him and during the Joshua Tree tour and according to Bono was a difficult employee who would sometimes close up in his cubicle. And now, years after spilling from the band, she's attempted to seduce U2 into a relationship through Charita's auction house. On the other hand, Bono does say that Cashman is responsible for making their look less like Marie Macarons. And that's got to be a worth a coffee cup or two.

Last July, a Dublin court ruled in favour of the band, but Cashman—who claims the terms were gifts—has appealed, and the two ladies are back in court. Why is one of the world's richest men lowering himself to such grubbing? It can't be the general sense of sex appeal. More likely it's the fact that, in 2004, Cashman published an unauthorized full biography, *Inside the Zoo*, with U2. *My Life with the World's Biggest Rock Band*, in which she revealed that Bono was suffering from fibrosis in his lungs and had problems with his weight.

Last week on the witness stand, Bono was thrown off guard when asked to state his intent. "Bono...or Paul Hewson," he replied. After all, when was the last time somebody asked? But in two notes only seconds under the surface of the rock star's drollery. Of course he's a Nobel Prize nominee, one of the leading crusaders for AIDS research and fighting Third World debt, and Time's Person of the Year. But to many of his business interests are in sharp contrast to his seemingly courageous, politically active persona, if not downright hypocritical.

Bono is, for instance, co-founder of an investment firm, Elevator, with former Apple CFO Fred Anderson and John Ricciardelli, the former COO of video game giant Electronic Arts, and, as you'd expect, Elevator's clients are a bit out with what you'd expect from the cor-

poration rock star. There's the \$100 million that bought a 40 per cent share of Forbes magazine. (Thank you, Mr. Murdoch.) U2 now finds itself fourth on Forbes' list of the 500 most powerful celebrities—albeit not appearing at it at all in 2001. Then there's the other \$160 million Elevator invested last year in two non-financial business: gaming companies, the L.A.-based Pandemic Studios and the Edmonton-based Rockstar. The latter specializes in role-playing fantasy titles, while the



"WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE TAX EFFICIENT?" ASKS U2

former creates some of the most violent games on the market, including *Mysteries 2* (set in Flores), which re-enacts the colonial invasion of Canada, Venezuela. Another note: Full Spectrum Warriors, he got as a shareholder, was the ad of Hollywood special effects, for U.S. Army military training.

Not the kind of business deal you'd bring about on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*—where Bono recently refused off his more lucrative

"Our business is very complex business. Of course we're trying to be tax efficient. Who doesn't want to be tax efficient?" Sure, but shouldn't anyone who uses his status as a platform to share the Irish peace message instead of using the country's taxes for overseas aid live up to his own end of the bargain?

With that said, U2 may be longing for the day when a bald Nina Macfarlane has no worse of their image problems. ■



THE FOUR-LEGGED SECRET TO PUMPKIN SUPREMACY

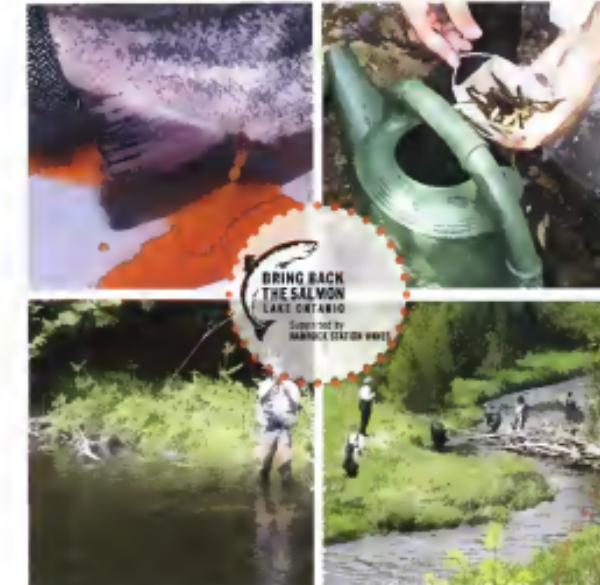
Chris Selvini and employees of the Central Compost Facility in Prince Edward have won several this year's Composting Council of Canada regional pumpkin-growing competition, with a 160-lb behemoth that beat 25 other competing facilities. What's their secret? "A couple of deer helped us out," Selvini says. In other provinces, the deer damaged the best prize-winning plants, chewing their growth. Prince Edward Island has no deer.

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microbiology and dental materials are among the core subjects in the denturism curriculum.

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Diabetes & Heart Disease

The harsh facts

Fight one, fight the other

For many years, people with diabetes have focused on their blood glucose levels as the key to managing the disease, but things are different now. The Canadian Diabetes Association is highlighting a new approach in its national campaign in November: "Think of diabetes as a cardiovascular disease".

The connection between diabetes and cardiovascular disease has never been clearer – or more sobering. Cardiovascular disease is the most common complication of diabetes. In fact, 80% of people who have diabetes will actually die of a cardiovascular complication, such as heart attack or stroke, says Donna Libe, vice-president of research and professional education for the Canadian Diabetes Association.

A recent study underscores some of the specific dangers. The Diabetes in Canada Evaluation study found that more than 50% of people with type 2 diabetes had complications including 3-pel problems, heart disease and high blood pressure. The risk of cardiovascular complications (heart disease and stroke as well as eye and kidney disease, nerve damage and foot problems) is the same for type 1 and type 2 diabetes. Cardiovascular disease is at least double in men and triple in women with diabetes compared to people without diabetes.

To manage and prevent type 2 diabetes – and heart disease – doctors are now taking a much wider approach and aggressively targeting not only blood glucose but also blood pressure and blood fats (lipids) such as cholesterol, a strategy proven to also work in managing type 1 diabetes. New lipid clinical-practice guidelines recently announced by the Canadian Diabetes Association underline the heart disease connection and call for even tighter control of blood fat levels for people with diabetes than before. And while healthy lifestyle changes continue to be an important part of the equation, the spotlight is now on medication as a first-line treatment. ▶



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Cholesterol & Your Heart

Making the
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1. Statistics Canada, Vital Statistics Mortality Database, 2000.

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ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

HOW TO IMPROVE LIPID LEVELS

Aggressively managing lipids can lower the risk of heart attack, stroke and death says Dr Steven Harris, professor in family medicine at University of Western Ontario and chair of the Clinical and Scientific Section of the Canadian Diabetes Association.

Here's how:

- Ensure you have your lipids tested every one to three years, and ask for your results. Work with your diabetes care team, which includes your physician, diabetes nurses and pharmacists, to achieve your recommended lipid targets.
- Take your medication as recommended. Statins are the first drugs of choice to lower cholesterol, as they are very effective and have minimal side effects says Harris. There are also new combination drugs that put different medications together in one tablet to reduce the number of pills someone with diabetes must take.
- Get at least 30 minutes of physical activity five to seven days a week. While whenever you can – buy a pedometer and aim to walk at least 10,000 steps a day. Try new fun activities such as learning to dance, playing basketball or riding a bike.
- Reduce total fat consumption (especially saturated and trans fat) and increase the amount of fibre in your diet.

The good news is all of this. Understanding the connection between diabetes and cardiovascular disease means everyone can take steps that have been proven effective in preventing or delaying the onset of these life-threatening complications.

It all adds up to "escalating the message that diabetes is a very serious disease," says Lefler, "and we have to get a handle on it."

For more information, visit www.gotitwithdiabetes.ca or call 1-800-BANTING (226-8466).

Targeting blood fats

The Canadian Diabetes Association recently released new clinical practice guidelines for the management of lipids (blood fats such as cholesterol and triglycerides) in adults who have diabetes.

Previously, the target for LDL cholesterol (the unhealthy type of cholesterol) was under 2.5 mmol/L. Now, for most adults with diabetes, the target is 2 mmol/L or lower. The new guidelines also spell out that the most effective method to achieve this new LDL cholesterol target is with medication, especially with the class of cholesterol-lowering drugs called statins.

"It's unlikely that many people will achieve the new target through lifestyle alone," says Dr Lawrence Lester, head of the endocrinology and metabolism division at St Michael's Hospital and professor of medicine and nutritional sciences at University of Toronto. Although exercise and meal planning are important, the guidelines call for reducing lipids using drugs in combination with lifestyle measures. "Having to take medication is not a reflection of not working out enough or not eating right," says Lester. "Lifestyle is just not enough [to adequately reduce lipid levels]."

The Canadian Diabetes Association published the lipid guidelines well ahead of its more comprehensive planned revision of the 2001 *Guidelines for the Prevention and Management of Diabetes in Canada* (scheduled for publication in 2008) because recent studies showed important benefits in managing cholesterol more aggressively. High cholesterol is an important risk factor for heart disease, and heart disease is at the top of the list of the serious complications of type 1 and 2 diabetes.

The aggressive management of cholesterol is just one of a number of cardio-protective strategies that the Association recommends, says Lester. "We're also looking for good blood glucose control, good blood pressure control, and the routine use of other medications that reduce the risk of heart disease." He says these medications include ASA (Aspirin) and ACE-inhibitors, which were developed to lower blood pressure but have now been shown to reduce the risk of heart attacks and strokes even in individuals with normal blood pressure. A healthy diet, regular physical activity and not smoking are also essential.

"The more of these changes that a person undertakes, the lower their risk of heart disease will be," Lester says. "In fact, we can cut the risk of heart disease by two-thirds to three-quarters by following all of these recommendations."

Prevention comes first

Even since Corneli Cornell, a 47-year-old freelance writer in Toronto, developed gestational diabetes during her pregnancies 12 and 16 years ago, she has been wary of her risks for diabetes.

Gestational diabetes, which develops during pregnancy, usually goes away after the child is born – as it did with Cornell. But having had it puts Cornell at an increased risk for developing type 2 diabetes.

As a result, Cornell gets annual checkups and her doctor keeps close tabs on her blood glucose, blood pressure and cholesterol levels. Cornell also keeps active – she takes hour-long fitness walks with friends once or twice a week, swims every day during the summer and takes a fitness class once a week. She also walks whenever she can rather than taking the car. And while she has a fear of sweet foods, she follows a healthy meal plan and eats lots of fruit, vegetables and other high-fibre foods.

These steps are all classic ways to prevent or delay the onset of type 2 diabetes. They are important to follow because it's a progressive disease. Serious complications



Looking for information about healthy eating for diabetes and your heart? Visit www.getserious.ca

including heart disease and stroke are often already present at the time of diagnosis.

"Prediabetes is a condition that red flags the potential for type 2 diabetes and an complication over time. Prediabetes is when blood glucose levels are elevated – called impaired glucose tolerance (IGT) or impaired fasting glucose (IFG) – but not quite at the level that defines a diabetes diagnosis (fasting plasma glucose level of 7.0 mmol/L or higher).

"When there is an indication that blood glucose levels are abnormal but not high enough to diagnose diabetes, there is a great opportunity to move quickly and manage risks," says Lille. Increasing moderate-intensity physical activity to 30 minutes a week and losing 5% to 10% of body weight have been shown through studies in Finland and the U.S. to have a significant impact on reducing the number of people who progress to diabetes. Your doctor may choose to prescribe medications as well," she adds.

ARE YOU AT RISK?

The Canadian Diabetes Association recommends everyone be screened for type 2 diabetes once they reach the age of 40 and every three years after that. Your doctor may keep closer tabs if you have risk factors for developing diabetes, including:

- A first-degree relative (sibling or parent) who already has diabetes
- A high-risk group, such as those of Aboriginal, Hispanic, Asian, South Asian or African descent
- A history of impaired glucose tolerance, impaired fasting glucose or prediabetes
- Evidence of the complications of diabetes, such as eye, nerve or kidney problems
- Heart disease
- A history of gestational diabetes
- A history of giving birth to a baby that weighed over 4 kg (9 lb.) at birth
- High blood pressure or high cholesterol
- Obesity especially around the abdomen
- Diagnosis of polycystic ovary syndrome, acanthosis nigricans (darkened patches of skin) or schizophrenia.

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THE BACK PAGES

film

Tarantino's plenty
out of Africa
p. 96

books

Searching for Steyn
p. 94

tv

Giving it the
old college try
p. 98

web

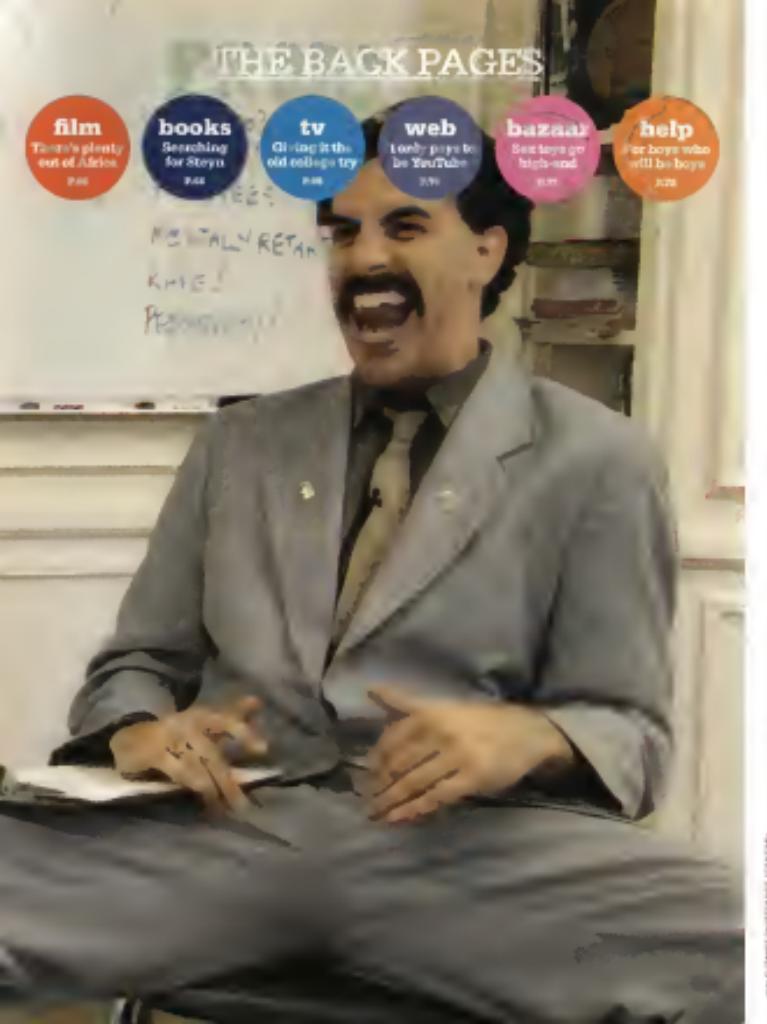
Tommy pays to
be YouTube's
p. 99

bazaar

Baz Luhrmann goes
high-and
low
p. 99

help

For boys who
will be boys
p. 100



He's as offensive as the bigoted star of 'All in the Family.' But Sacha Baron Cohen's character makes people uneasy in the real world.

BY JAIME J. WEINMAN

to people who don't seem quite sure he's joking. And it's that kind of uncertainty—the question one can whether he's joking or not—that defines the respect not only of Cohen, but of Stephen Colbert and Sarah Silverman and many other contemporary comedians who succeed by becoming the people they hate.

Cohen was one of two superstar comedians whose careers were launched on England's *The IT Crowd*. Since then, the other was Ricky Gervais (*The Office*). Cohen's character on *The IT Crowd* was Ali G, a parody much in his own life. Any story on Cohen the man, as opposed to the comedian, stresses the fact that he's not only a Jew but a religiously observant one. He belonged to a Zohar group in Cambridge, and underachieved the *Sweeney Todd* shadow he wore. Ali G, who was wearing a purim-style Jewish skullcap. This past year on Oct. 2, *Nan Rippick*, the Jewishly ignorant, Cohen was spotted in a synagogue in New York, where he got up and recited the "prayer blessing." But according to Gervais, he wanted to hang around only long enough to do his duty.

Did Bunker beget Borat?

"These few days down the well, so my identity can be free," sings the lead character of a new movie. And he's not the villain, either. He's Borat, the Kazakh character who's been spun off from the new *Ali G Live!* *Californication* *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit* *Entourage* *American Idol* *South Park* *Entertainment Weekly* *Arrested Development* *Glenn Beck* *Notices of Kosher*. And yet in the context of today's comedy, it's totally normal that someone has to invent a comic character saying really antisemitic things. It's politically correct to be politically incorrect.

Nathan Rabin, critic for *The Onion's* A.V. Club, reasons that "a generation raised on South Park, Beavis, and Wendy Shores in a garage have a much different conception of what is and is not appropriate than genocentrism raised on *Family Guy*." Beavis isn't the basis of how offensive comedy will get.

Borat is really Sacha Baron Cohen, the English comedian whose other characters include Ali G, a cockney who thinks he's a hip-hop gangster, and Bruno, an Austrian fashion expert. Cohen's method is to become someone really annoying or weirdly dorky aside, go out in public, and embarrass the people he meets. The best movie includes mock-documentary footage of him saying stupid or racist things

THE NEW FILM *Borat* stars Sacha Baron Cohen as a totally insensitive Kazakh

of where British people who think they can be cool by mimicing black culture. He soon becomes the most popular thing on the show, a commentator on *Entertainment* who says, "When Ali comes on, the audience cheers and the press looks slightly uncomfortable with the fact that everyone is watching just for him."

A year later, Ali G had a spinoff, *Ali G Live!* Show, in which he interviewed real people and embarrassed them with his racialist questions ("Does Jeannette eat, or is her son your father dressed up?"). The show also introduced Borat, who did much of what Ali G did, but with a different accent. One sketch featured Borat going to a Texas hunting resort and getting someone to agree with him that "the indigenous people" are causing trouble all over the world. "It's a shame you can't see the bear," Borat concluded.

But Cohen is one chronically mischievous comedian who doesn't seem to target

his flesh, not long enough to be seen bruising/chomping. "He stood out of the synagogue minutes before the service ended, which left some wondering if they actually use him."

You'd forgive Cohen wondering if anybody has truly seen Cohen in public for years. He never gives interviews as himself, instead appearing as characters like Ali G or Borat. His personality never finds its way into press conferences, even the most normally prying British publications. When the *Guardian* did a profile of him earlier this year, the most they could come up with was the ethnicity of his favorite actress (Ida Fink) and a few interview quotes from people who knew him in college. But if all you know about an actor is that his old character recalls him "doing very well in *Cyrano de Bergerac*," then you're never going to see him on the cover of *People* magazine. All we really know about Cohen, then, is that he's a few who's becoming a more and by

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN COHEN FOR EW.COM





playing a hunky Jew buster

It's not new for Jewishness to turn to parody these days—Mel Brooks come up with *Springsdale* for Hitler, *Shirley*. What makes *Borat* different is that he is an anti-Semitic character presented as the lead; it's not heroic, but if the Nazi movie has any lead of theirs, it's Borat himself, the happy idiot trying to make good. And the more racist and offensive he gets, the more the audience laughs.

The gulf separating the hilarious racism in *America* from the bigoted Hitler on the U.S. screen all in the *Family* (based on the U.K. sitcom *All at the Family*) or *The Drowsy Chaperone* (in the 1930s, when *All the Family* was the No. 1 show on TV, there was concern about what it meant for the world's most popular fictional

of people the cartoon clearly finds unpleasant: Stephen Colbert, the star of *The Colbert Report*, does the whole show (including the interviews) in character as a sort of right-wing TV jester. In *America* Becker's it's him who is unusual for the tone of the show: he's a character who's supposed to be wrong about everything. Now it's almost *de rigueur*.

The difference between Cohen and some of these other racists is that he doesn't try to resist the audience. Becker points out that Cohen "goes away the game a bit by having graphics that contradict what Cohen's saying and letting his actual opinion... But

At a Texas hunting resort, Borat suggests 'the big-nosed people' are troublemakers: 'It is a shame you cannot hunt the Jew'



THE GOLD STANDARD for Iranian racism is character as a big guy who always lies (in *Sixteen Days*); "Your being colored, I know you had no choice in that, but what made you survive?" Lance J. Haze, author of the best-seller *Gentlemen's Agreement*, attacked the show for presenting "a comic, blabber figure who reads history more accurately," and others found that people were watching because they agreed with *America*.

If *America* Becker was an isolated phenomenon in its time, today there's been an explosion of characters in the theater medium. It's not only about who gets away with racist jokes in the name of race: Eric Cartman, the most popular character in South Park [which just turned its tenth season in Canada on The Comedy Network], is a racist, and Dennis the Menace who in one episode tried to wipe out the Jews. The stand-up comedian Jeff Daniels has confided her career persona around being a pretty young woman who makes many jokes, and she's been successful at it since she got her own movie, *Jesus Is Magic*, where she sang, "I love you more than Asians are good at math."

FOCUS FEATURES/EVERETT COLLECTION

because Cohen is such a mystery in person, and because he never looks out of character to tell you what he really thinks, he never gives you the comfort of knowing for certain that he's really on your side.

A problem with these characters, as with *America* Becker, you can't always guess if people like the joke. The immediate Dave Chappelle, who uses racial stereotypes to lampoon racism, had a crisis of confidence when he started to wonder if audiences could tell the difference between his act and *America*'s. And now the popularity of *Borat* has caused some groups to wonder whether that character is going to offend and confront us most groups, the Jewish Avia Defense League (stand a moment! Statement on Comedy of Errors) based a mockumentary on *The Comedy of Errors* (stars Jason Alexander & "Borat," which it concluded that Cohen wasn't a self-righting Jew, but worried about the potential effects of Cohen's comedy). "The audience may not always be sophisticated enough to get the joke, and sometimes even find it reinforcing their bigotry." In other words, the group fears that the movie may have a bad effect on people

who are less sophisticated than they are.

Rabin thinks these concerns are mostly limited to people of older generations, who aren't used to ironic humour, who aren't used to irony. "It's the adults who have problems wrapping their head around it." He illustrates this with his own experience writing for *The Onion's* fake news operation. "A lot of people just didn't get the premise of the paper, and pieces on *The Onion* had to spend a lot of time explaining what exactly *The Onion* was and how it operates. Now that's just not the case."

But

Still, a sitcom can't control how aware



CATCH A FIRE is an apocalyptic drama set in the '80s, but the resonance is clear: A violent regime can turn innocent civilians into terrorists.

Fireworks in the heart of darkness

Black American actors go for broke in a spate of political thrillers set in post-colonial Africa

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Africa is hot. And not just because Madonna and Angelina Jolie are savoring its delights or it's a time. This season we're seeing a spate of political thrillers set in African countries. All of them period-dramas against backdrops of past colonial warfare. In *The Last King of Scotland*, Forest Whitaker uncorks a terrifying portrayal of Uganda's despot Idi Amin through the searing eyes of a young Scottish physician who joins his inner circle. In *Catch a Fire*, Derek Luke journeys from South African hero Peter Mafamudzi, a teacher suspended who's goaded into terrorist rebellion. And in *Blood Diamond*, a South African manager and a Liberian fisherman (Edgar Ramírez and Djimon Hounsou) try to survive a price war among the thickets of Sierra Leone's civil war. Hollywood's romance with deepest, darkest Africa—a mythology as old as the western—has reawakened its appetite for political thrillers.

Catch a Fire hones the struggle against apartheid to a gripping thriller. *The Last King of Scotland* and *Blood Diamond* graft great anti-colonial themes onto the falsehoods, egomaniac adultery (Idi Amin), and racial chauvinism and a quicksilver chart that can turn to cruelty in a flash. It's easy to see how Nicholas (James McAvoy), the young and reckless doctor, is drawn under his spell, seduced by the avaricious whiff of corruption and power.

To the young cast, playing with fire in the tropics, Africa becomes the bogeyman to be reckoned with. Whether and Luke near the American accents of their African characters identify to deliver powerhouse performances. If

they both get Oscar nominations, which seems likely, it will be unprecedented. No two black performers have ever been nominated for best actor in the same year. And in the entire history of the Oscars, only three black actors have won the award: Sidney Poitier, Denzel Washington and Jamie Foxx. They all played Americans—in sweet biopics, a corrupt cop and Ray Charles, respectively.

Whistler and Luke both play Africans whose lives have been warped by colonial rule, but from opposite ends. Amin is the psychopathic tyrant, Chamaeleon the sympathetic terrorist. And of the two, Amin is the easier actor to get under your skin, so to speak. Although he's a villain, Whistler makes him so much more than just a bad man. His evil is shown to have twisted roots in an abusive British military education. He has childhood chauvinism and a quicksilver chart that can turn to cruelty in a flash. It's easy to see how Nicholas (James McAvoy), the young and reckless doctor, is drawn under his spell, seduced by the avaricious whiff of corruption and power.

To the young cast, playing with fire in the tropics, Africa becomes the bogeyman to be reckoned with. Whether and Luke near the American accents of their African characters identify to deliver powerhouse performances. If

with no-austerity policies who emboldens terrorism after being sold and tortured for an act of sabotage he had nothing to do with. It's a decent family movie, who conches a wacky team of boyish rebels. But it also hangs on a clandestine late-night visit from another woman, and then its illegitimate, after-hours. That adds some emerging carnal to a tale that might otherwise have been too purely heroic for its own good.

Elegantly directed by Australian Phillip Noyce (*The Queen*, *An Officer and a Gentleman*), *Catch a Fire* avoids the methodical horror of apartheid without sentiment. As Nie Voie, the villain at the piece, Amin is nearly shielded. He's the unencumbered fascist, who gets his children given training but says, "When I look at a race, I don't see a terrorist, I see a human being." He even embodies his peasant home for Sunday dinner. He's harder to dismiss than one of three million slaves among 25 million blacks, he says. "We're the underdogs. We're the ones under attack."

Catch a Fire is a film in the '80s, but the resonance is clear: in torture, imprisonment and death, an embattled regime creates terror among its own citizens. The simple use of the word "terrorism" in a heroic vein comes as a shock, showing the iron maniac equation of the current war on terror into question. America—once the dark continent in a colonial dream—converges in colonial wounds, we get a glimpse of that so-called heart of darkness from inside out. ■

WE'RE STEALING... RUPERT EVERETT

An unexpected windshield shrapnel ripped off the bonnet of a merrilywood house as we were reading. The storm-mashed the diners across the dinner party, casting candles to ignite a fire. The disaster convinced Everett, now 43, to give up cooking altogether. "When I was 20 years old, and every day since then, the star of *My Fair Lady*, which has eaten his dinners in restaurants, 'I love it,' he says. "I'm going to the same restaurant every day, having the same food."



WE CAN'T SPEAK for Hitler and his Allies; translators, but Moore takes a relaxed view of being excluded from Britain's diverse Dominion

Anybody out there seen my book?

I felt oddly liberated at Ms. Reisman's utter lack of interest. But my poor assistant...

BY MARK STEPH

Sixty years ago, back when this here Internet thing that the kids are crazy over was brand new, I remember reading a review of *New Hitler* and some fellow was wondering whether he should invest in an acetate... "No," said the big financial your nature, "you should *not* invest in it."

From the murky slough of my memory, this thought swam up to the surface for the first time in years. The other day my ace book was published—if you may recall, if only because it was the cover story in *Maclean's*! A couple of weeks back. Don't worry, let me think that as a book plug, I don't think it's open to plug a book that at the time of writing in a national alternative Canadian bookseller's court to court from Guelph to Victoria. As though have always been interested in inventory, of course. I don't know whether he still does it, but for many years the "housewife" Jeffrey Archer had a habit of wandering solo about and surreptitiously photographing all edges of his books, then reselling them on eBay. Less motivated chaps, on discovering the local temporary human a single copy of the raggedy ejus, just to shrug and move on to writing their own unassisted book.

Which is pretty much what I did when readers—well, technically non-readers—first wrote when the *New Hitler* story in print that Chapter-Indigo-Cales bookshelves and all the many stores of Canada's established monopoly bookstore chain had no copies of my new book, whose fate escapes me, evidently it did. However Reisman, Ms. Reisman, if that's indeed her name, is the proprietress of Chapters-Indigo Alberta & Co., and is famous for asceticuously set

ing about being unable to find Mark's book in (elsewhere as possible) (a) Chapters, (b) Indigo (c) Cales, (d-f) other wholly independent operating arms of Chapters or Indigo, as the case may be, or (g) More? "Pug's Home-Style Video Bookstore."

At that point, a helpful reader at my web page pointed out that Chapters' and had a convenient feature enabling one to search the inventory to find the nearest store with a copy in stock. As reader in Halifax wrote back to say that she'd looked and there were no copies anywhere in Atlantic Canada, and after that she'd given up. Another helpful reader pointed out that there was a copy at the Chapters branch on Robson Street in Vancouver, which we passed on to the Hiltz-Flag, in Robson Street, a convenience and easy drive from Nova Scotia. Mr. P. Marnell from Vancouver then wrote me: "When in the Robson Street branch and although the campaign did indeed show my book as being in the store, the clerk had been unable to find it. We passed this on my intent to hope we could catch the Hiltz Flag before he reached Sackville."

By this stage, I was beginning to get a lot of mail along the lines of "It's So Bloody Reisman's fault in this business How Knopf was surely a one-time deal. It sure her list has gotten a little longer." Etc. I was reluctantly to print such comments in Chapters, but I still found myself reading something Dan Black, the lyrics of *Burn Free* and *Fa*

stuncing simultaneously burning from all her chains of flesh & knoggs," which is tough to write from the Middle East, where the Arabic edition is a bestseller. ("Knopf" is translated as "Sheel" really.)

I can't speak for Harry Hader and his Arabic translator, but it took a relief and view of being excluded from the diverse Dominion (I was walking Red Rose last summer). "Everywhere except Canada?" Pug? I felt oddly liberated at having been denied of an interest to Ms. Reisman's many charts. "Take these charts from my heart and leave 'em be!" As Ray Charles observed in another context, "she's the bottomless age, and as such, you can't think that as a book plug, I don't think it's open to plug a book that at the time of writing in a national alternative Canadian bookseller's court to court from Guelph to Victoria. As though have always been interested in inventory, of course. I don't know whether he still does it, but for many years the "housewife" Jeffrey Archer had a habit of wandering solo about and surreptitiously photographing all edges of his books, then reselling them on eBay. Less motivated chaps, on discovering the local temporary human a single copy of the raggedy ejus, just to shrug and move on to writing their own unassisted book.

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FINALLY A BOOK ABOUT THE APOSTLE PAUL
The Man in White was written by the Man in Black, Johnny Cash, in 1965. The novel, and its afterward by Cash's son, John Carter Cash, shows how deeply the American singer felt his recurrent drug problems, plighted with the stony life of Paul, who often mentioned his son, unresolved "sooth in the flesh." The Man in White, in effect, is Cash's confessional affirmation that he too had fought the good fight, run the race and kept the faith.



Whit Low and Diamonds Are Forever, and ten years ago. He related how he always felt like a schmuck going into a Virgin Megastore or HMV and asking the arrogantly perched young things behind the desk for a Razzberry Cleanout album. To be honest, I've always felt a bit like that in a Canadian bookstore. If they had, say, David French's latest on the shelf, you could at least slip it in between the Peter Berlin and the Yann Martel and hope the guy in fine behalf you doesn't spot it. But if it's not on the shelf and you have to ask for it, A gentleman in Calgary inquired about my book and was told there was no demand for it. During this exchange, two other people asked the same question of a neighbouring clerk and got the same response. There's no demand for each book, just a huge demand for the explanation that no one's buying it." Haha!

As a Canadian, I've found it an interesting experience to be on the receiving end of the dazed Dominion's paroxysm definition of "cultural diversity," and the peculiarly restrictive combination of government regulation and oil-and-corporate monopoly, in which Ms. Reisman decides what books she's prepared to stock and the Canada Border Services Agency then imposes a blockade fee on those that don't meet her criteria. There's nothing more damnable for a bank than to go cover stories and interviews and whatever, but it's also to be unavoidable in any state. And no doohs Chapters' decision to order three copies and use them to prop up the nearby star-right holding of the fascists-plus-music-lover Canadians who don't already know about it will ever see my book, which is kinda bad, but weirdly lucrative according to the CBC, in Canada a "bestseller" at \$20,000 copies. I was amazed to discover that we're already sold that many just on my little website. And a huge number of that \$20,000 were shipped out to readers across Canada who tried and failed to buy it at Chapters-Indigo and like theley like of Port Moody, B.C., wrote to say that "I will never see her in a Chapters again." If Heather Reisman carries on boycotting me, I should be able to retire in Tahiti within the year.

In a way, it's very exciting. I could be the first Canadian author to win the Governor General's Award without ever selling a copy in a Canadian bookstore. But I guess they've got rules about that, no?

MACLEAN'S BESTSELLERS

COMPILED BY BRIAN RUTHKE

- | | LAST WEEK | WEEKS ON LIST |
|--|-----------|---------------|
| 1. THE CUSTODIAN OF PARADISE
by Wayne Johnson | 4 (6) | |
| 2. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE
by Mary Lawson | 2 (4) | |
| 3. THE VIEW FROM CASTLE ROCK
by Alice Munro | 1 (1) | |
| 4. MISSION 5046 by John le Carré | 7 (1) | |
| 5. LAUTÉ FRANCE
by Irène Némirovsky | 16 (21) | |
| 6. SECRETS FROM THE VINYL CAVE
by Stuart McLean | 1 (1) | |
| 7. THE THIRTEENTH TALE
by Shann Satterfield | 8 (2) | |
| 8. THE BRA LADY by Margaret Atwood | 1 (1) | |
| 9. MORAL DISORDER
by Margaret Atwood | 4 (5) | |
| 10. THE FRIENDS OF HUNTER FORTUNE
by Cindy Adams MacLeod | 1 (1) | |

Non-fiction

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1. STATE OF DENIAL: ISRAEL AT WAR,
PART II by Dale Winton | 112 |
| 2. CITIZEN OF THE WORLD
by John English | 212 |
| 3. KINSHIP IN CHINA
by Margaret MacMillan | 4 (9) |
| 4. HEART MATTERS
by Adrienne Clarkson | 3 (9) |
| 5. THE WAY IT WORKS
by Edie Baskin | 10 (10) |
| 6. THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE THUNDERBOLT KIDS by M.R. Dwyer | 10 |
| 7. I FEEL BAD ABOUT MY NECK
by Roni Cohen | 9 (6) |
| 8. THE GOD DELUSION
by Richard Dawkins | 4 (5) |
| 9. THROUGH THE CHILDREN'S GATE
by Alison Goettl | 1 (1) |
| 10. BEAT GYM SPLENDID by Farley Mowat | 1 (1) |



STACEY FARBER and Steve Berford embark on an adventure not involving when some Degrassi students move to university this season.

Teen TV that's too cool for school

The kids of 'Degrassi' and 'Veronica Mars' make the dean's list, as 'The OC' hipsters flunk out

BY SHARON DEEKE • What's Linda Schuyler thinking? Gershwin, the creator of *Degrassi Jr High*, *Degrassi High* and *Degrassi*: The Next Generation has heard of the seasons over. And yet, this season, the *Nine* generation will follow three of its high school grads as they further their education. Few teen series have managed to keep audience interest after moving to college—*Saved by the Bell*, *Beverly Hills 90210* and *Dawson's Creek* being the prime examples. Even a solid show like *Degrassi* has been increasingly strained since its second year. But by high school graduation, it had already begun to run out of steam, the season was fading, and the whole thing turned into a kooky joke that drowns in its own cheesiness. On *Dawson*, and *Veronica* and *Steve*'s make sense for a few whose idea of a goal can all righter a smelting graveyard. In the final season, all is not right when *Buffy* goes back to high school—albeit as a guidance counselor.

This season, *The OC* is the only series that seems to have learned. Season 2's off-at-last University, Seth's at home, and Ryan's at loose ends—but *The OC* lives and dies by the character of its star-crossed cast, and if they're not playing off each other, there's no point. On *Veronica Mars*, the whole gang's moved from Neptune High to洪门 College—with the gang being smart enough to keep up the snarky and sardonic group of teens on *TV*.

When CTV premieres the new season of *Degrassi: The Next Generation* (and nows her, one of its stars, *Veronica Mars* (on the CW), and *The OC* (CTV/MTS) will be challenging the same territory. But the challenge for much is different. *Degrassi* will be trying not to screw up the thinking franchise. *Veronica* seems the best written and most of the genre, and though the summer writing down near new cases and clients for the amateur private eye, it may turn out that, like *Buffy*, she's just too complicated for full-time studies—too cool for school perhaps. *The OC*, meanwhile, has only added to its glories further by making its main star a wannabe activist in *High School Musical*. *Degrassi* looks to become one of the last great mid-decade—and, with ensemble strong in both Canada and the U.S., it's likely to be the only show that makes it to graduation. ■

The big decision for these shows is whether to send their grad to different parts of the country, or to lump everyone together at the local college. *Dawson's Creek* went the first route and the kids have story—because Joey and Dawson—was played out beyond long-distance phone calls. *Beverly Hills 90210* and

is surely living off campus with his boyfriend.

As the season starts, the high school students are mixed in a loose plot line about interning racism, while the seemingly mundane university life seems fed fresh. A college party thrown by Marcy, Paige and Elle, for example, is broken up not by the cops but by Marc's father, who drops off some of Marcy's stuff and shows his back out letting fans rant. "Don't mind me, lots," he says, played out on the couch, as the party keeps in a close.

Veronica gets the details right. It has the best wacky successor as former-girl-like names in with Amherst—a country home-decorating, soap-book-ranking kinder. The student lounge house Marcy and Dylan live in is more pretentious, from the Canadian flag in the window to the mismatched furniture. Army couches, and the campus bar is satisfactorily cave-like, with a black-painted floor to camouflage the beer stains.

Veronica Mars remains the best written and smartest of the genre, and though the summer writing down near new cases and clients for the amateur private eye, it may turn out that, like *Buffy*, she's just too complicated for full-time studies—too cool for school perhaps. *The OC*, meanwhile, has only added to its glories further by making its main star a wannabe activist in *High School Musical*. *Degrassi* looks to become one of the last great mid-decades—and, with ensemble strong in both Canada and the U.S., it's likely to be the only show that makes it to graduation. ■



ONTARIO HOCKEY LEAGUE ACCORDING TO TV
Series: *Save It* Stephen Colbert uses Fresh-Takes to tell the U.S.'s Ontario immigrants. They're from 1999, you stuck and so does Shira. He hasn't had a good reason since *Die Hard*. *Timers*: What's he doing now? Renaissance man must've just read *The Chronicles of Narnia*, *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. In 2002, you were needed. The *Hazing Capital of the World*—so get ready to pickup up and kiss your ass.

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#2600

ROGERS



YOUTUBE TAKES DOWN a copyrighted video if the owner complains, but by that time, thousands have seen one of these clips.

Say hello to the YouTube losers

A lot of websites allowed people to upload and view video files. But only one got rich.

BY JAMES J. TRISMAN • On Oct. 16, the owners of YouTube announced that they'd sold their successful video-sharing service to Google for US\$1.65 billion. While a numismatic about this was that Google already had a service, Google video, which provided exactly the same service to YouTube, allowing people to upload and view video files. Meanwhile, there were other sites that got left out in the cold while the creators of YouTube got rich. Web sites with names like iFilm, Vimeo, Blipster and ClipShare have them all in comparison with YouTube even though their names are part of it.

These "YouTube losers" fall into two categories: those that didn't get any money, and those that got considerably less than YouTube. A fourth category started up within a month of YouTube being selected less than one quarter of YouTube's traffic and didn't last a week: any large company. Visual.com, another video content provider, hasn't run the judgment rules, but owner Mark Sigal is hopeful that it might happen even though he keeps plugging the site. "You have no take care of the downside and the upside will take care of itself." He doesn't elaborate on how much more of a downside Visual.com will face before the upside kicks in.

Other sites have managed to cash in, but for a good deal less money and prestige than YouTube. Groper.com was sold to look out for the year for about half of what the YouTube owners got from Google, and numerous near the publicity: "Says buying Groper was very big at the time" (with 1.5M of products and including Jonathan Shremberg). But he admits: "The YouTube profit was so much bigger, and was even bigger now."

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Many of these other sites are including push-

able free YouTube, and some of them provide things that YouTube doesn't. Daily Motion offers better sound quality than YouTube, allowing users to upload videos in stereo. Sigal says that Visual.com has tried to carve out a niche for itself as the business friendly video site, where videos retain logos, watermarks and links back to where the user later wants consumers to return to when they click.

So why did YouTube explode into a cultural and business phenomenon when these other sites didn't? Shremberg thinks it's because the "YouTube culture," were visualized into the public eye on the back of illegal download sites. In other words, as other video-sharing sites were willing to let YouTube to turn blind eye to illegal content. What started it was the world's most popular video-shareer was a series of well-edited videos that the uploaders didn't have the legal right to put on the web, unless the "Lazy Guy" the Saturday Night Live star that was watched hundreds of thousands of times on YouTube before NBC found out about it.

YouTube did, and still does, take down copyrighted video of the newest complaints, but whereas other sites can pre-video screen to make sure they're not in violation of copyright, YouTube allows any video to be immediately processed and distributed. By the time

Sigal remains hopeful that doing things the above way will pay off. "Our business is about providing tools and services that enable companies to build their own YouTube and plug into the YouTube economy," but the YouTube economy doesn't seem to favour the people who play by the rules. The moral of this story is that if you follow the letter of the law, you'll probably lose out to those who don't.

ON THE WEB: A DOCTOR'S WEB-SIDE MANNER
You expect mean-spirited fabrications from crazy teenagers, but a doctor? On her MySpace page, University of Buffalo medical school student Maritza Bach describes one personal friend as "unloved," "oversexed" and "f---ed." She also wrote that another friend has medical problems resulting from medication she gave patients from another that the page is full of cut-and-paste, like responses. Bach responds, "I think breeders of speech is a bad thing."



AN OMELET YOU CAN USE: This vibrator, designed by Terri Silcox of the U.K. home decor store Habitat, would be at home in a gallery.

Good vibrations? More like fabulous.

'Erotic emporiums' like Kiki de Montparnasse are reinventing the sex toy as functional art.

BY LIAJINE GEORGE • Fashion's power lies in its ability to lend anything it touches—advertisements, heroes, jerseys, Super Bowl—a sense of desirability. The more far-fetched the styling, the greater the ploy. So perhaps it was only a matter of time before fashion cast its transformative eye on the seedy and anthropomorphically lascivious world of sex toys. Enter this year, when Kiki de Montparnasse, a new luxury sex brand, opened its first store in New York's sexy SoHo district, the couture savvy ladies behind the company characterized it not as a sex shop, but as an "erotique." In the realm of consumer goods, they understood, semantics is everything. A "vibrator," for instance, is vulgar. But a US\$1,750 hand-crafted vibrator given "decor" status at the design meets sex exhibition.

The Kiki salon, described as "Louis XIV meets Coco Mademoiselle," features hand-carved ebony furniture, leather banquette cubicles, and an erotica collection of erotic art by Edie Noyes, Roger Miquel and Sophie Calle.

The merchandise, displayed gallery-style, includes a collection of ready-to-wear lingerie, Swarovski crystals and pearls, ornate-crafted "instruments of pleasure," and leather-and-satin-upholstered black perfume bottles. Not surprisingly, the founders, a couple in their 30s, were married in the New York fashion industry. Jennifer Zuccarini, a former beauty director, spent her early career working for the theatrical label Mariano Lupo. Her late ex-boyfriend, Andrew Pollard, was an executive for Diesel and Miss Sixty. When they conceived their brand—named for the fast-paced artist model and obscenist who haunted Paris's bohemian salons (so in the spirit—the idea was to straddle something more by keeping it in the principles of luxury

than undermined by an over-worked It's the sphinxine equivalent of brasserie." She says like Kiki, one could argue, "we're the true coming-of-age of sex-positive femininity all the fun with none of the filth: Myla, a U.K.-based brand that has a shop in New York, has quickly gained a reputation for its use of renowned industrial designs. Among its bracelets are the "G-Shock," a sword-shaped vibrator by American designer Scott Hodder, and the "tobacco," a vintage cigarette holder that looks like a real one. "It's more pleasurable now for someone to explore being tied up in their bed," *Indulgé*.

Traditionally, sex toys—softies like these—had been relatively male-focused, relying on anatomy, shock, or mere sexiness to lure, to deflect the embarrassment of their customers. But a new generation of shapely professional women with economic clout and a clinging sense of self-delightification is pulling the industry in a new direction. For these consumers, and their partners, erotic products are an expression.

"There's no empowerment in toys that are as objectifying," says Pollard. "They're so overly phallic. Or they're shaped like dildos. The colors are drabbing and the packaging reflects an uneducated perception of what a man thinks a woman should be in a sexual sense." Until now, the only alternative has been garments that eschew the principles of "you-are-prone-to-frustration," such as Sex in French's Good Vibrations and Good For Her in Sheets. While they've done a great deal to promote the virtue of female sexual pleasure, their mandate has always

been "to titillate." The theory is that in creating a fully satisfying environment, luxury sex brands are empowering women to explore their sensuality in an indulgent, non-threatening way. If a level of service that has never existed in the sex toy business, such as Sex in French's Good Vibrations and Good For Her in Sheets. While they've done a great deal to promote the virtue of female sexual pleasure, their mandate has always

WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT: PARIS CIVIC WINE CELLAR

After his tenure as mayor of Paris in 1873, Jacques Charron accumulated 10,000 bottles of wine for the city. Some were awarded to international dignitaries such as British leader Lord Edward Grey. Now the current mayor, Bertrand Delanoë, has ordered an auction of the city hall cellar's 4,260 taps of fine bottles, with an estimated market value of \$720,000. Each extra buyer has snapped up two bottles of 1865 Romanée-Conti, at \$700 each.



CONTRIBUTED PHOTO



REVIEW: A SLINGSHOT Tom's world is being torn apart and he's trying to hold it together. "Wrest," and laughing in an attempt to accent his misery.

Hey, boys just wanna have fun

A book that explains how to make a slingshot and hunt rabbits is a huge hit in Britain

JULIA MCKEEINNELL Duffy wonders how, with parental passivity over kids' safety at all that high, a child's book that tells them they should own a Swiss Army knife could ever make sense. In fact, yes. As the U.K.'s *The Dangerous Book for Boys* is huge success, I feel so bad for the three words and how they stay in the map the way many in Canada, the reception has been less enthusiastic, which is why Duffy is just now hearing about it. The *Dangerous Book* sounds and looks like a 1930s grandfather clock, so politically incorrect in part it's bizarre. The book had some purpose, for instance, it might sell 10,000 "to boys" —

with scratches." At 11 m., the chapter on hunting and cooking a rabbit ("break the fore-arm bones with a quick jerk. Cut free head to rump.... This can be easily if you 'Able' your 'awl'") comes near year old Able's knowledge to cry out: "Why are you reading this to us?"

In the backyard, Mick and Able wait the point of a blade from a pair of sensors to manually drill holes through the tree tongue. "I got it," says Mick triumphantly. When Able finishes, the two concentrate on threading

MOST IMPROVED: The story of *Danny*, *Ashley* and *the closet* last year, two of his co-stars, is into an on-off romance, *chocking* therapy and The movie director, *Washington*, it's now

allowed to bring in their slingshots. They would be confiscated, she says, "and the parents would be contacted." But that's school Personal. Duffy doesn't think a slingshot is inappropriate for an 11-year-old boy. "These are fun-to-hunt activities," she says, strumming fiddle up with white the call-parents.

"In fact, Duffy sees the book's popularity in Britain as a "hopeful sign that maybe parents are starting to notice. We actually have a parent who comes and watches her child every week! She's about to go to a concert and has her child sit in the playgroup and by virtue of her staying there, it will be preserved," says Duffy. "I have no research to back this up, but I think this generation is going to save us because they are being so sheltered from having an accident [in school] or put in a position where we'd be held accountable every step of the way." She thinks parents need to "back off...and understand that we're robbing children of experience that are fun and character-building."

Nick looks onward for the right man now in his heart and looks between. The socks lomber backwards and plods at his feet. For names like these, see the quote in the book from Sir Frederick Thesiger, *Sergeant's Ordinary to the King*, Sept. 3, 1942: "Don't worry about genius and don't worry about not being clever. That's either no hard work, perseverance, and determination. The best one can do in long march is 'Don't grumble. Plug on.'"

MOST IMPROVED: T.R. KNIGHT
The star of Grey's Anatomy had a blemish lifted when he publicly came out of the closet last Friday. Recently, gossip media reported that two of his co-stars, Isaiah Washington and Patrick Dempsey, got into an on-set argument that quickly escalated into Washington choking Dempsey and shouting, "I'm not your little Neggell [sic]!" The network discreetly deleted the name of the actor mentioned by Washington. It's now presumed to be Knight's.

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EDUCATION

Tyson's latest knockout blows



SCOTT
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When Mike Tyson was in his prime, he would throw punches and destroy men in the glistening palaces of Las Vegas. Plus he owned tigers! Some people appear as a reality show. Mike Tyson was a reality show.

But that was then and that is now. As is painful new law, "Ryan is a 40 year old, belligerent and despotic, and he finds himself in the midst of Beale's operosity, the pathetic dismemberment. He squandered hundreds of millions of dollars, enormous lots of influence in debt, and had the poor luck to have off Extender Bifieldy's car before the cliff comes, when he could have got good money first. But he isn't beyond being exploited by one more practitioner for old, it's safe.

Hence, the ambitiously named Mike Tyson World Tour, which had its debut last week end when the former undisputed world heavyweight champion sparred lamely with a very fat man in the forced world capital of box aggroso, Dénia.

The "light" cost an absurd \$2395 per view. Needless to say, I was outraged—and powerless to resist.

The Pre-Show. Common from Tyson and his human partner big, carry "It's Sunday." You may be surprised to learn that people who have made their living being repeatedly passed in the head do not always make for the most eloquent of interview subjects. They hasn't been this much during since Mel Gibson's meat review. And at 10:15, a question comes to mind: "Why would anybody buy a heavyweight championship light on pay-per-view?" That would be anundenable query if it weren't asking of repeat. Unfortunately, it's a question that won actually just asked by the commentator who'll be announcing the fight. Not a good omen.

The Banker: The arena is at a little more than half capacity—maybe 4,000 people. Mike Tyson arrives to thunderous cheers. He's 25 lbs above his fighting weight and, as always, looks like he could knock anyone down with a single blow. For a moment, the crowd is

you won't be taking off the sleeves on his wearing. Spicing of the breath — "Whale for 'Na,' wait — that's pur Mita's scents, weighing in at almost 300 lb of red, muliped blusher. According to reports, T. Sera is partially blind in one eye, according to what he's about to do, has a really shaped in one lesson. And nothing traditional? Time to introduce the government people in the audience the

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ANSWER The answer is (A). The first two digits of the number 1234567890 are 12.



He knocks him down, then apologizes? He must have had to sell his killer instinct at auction.

sters, the business moguls, the
politicians... or in this case the biggest
industries some dude who has a dig-
itally enhanced PDA. Apparently Danny
had a thing he couldn't get out.

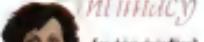
face. Minowber, again the commentator may have been "spotted" because rounds by a persistent gentleman brainwashing a young actress and a train crew. "They are such deeply enthusiastic and aggressive," he said. "I'm going that way... at the very beginning of the exhibition!" The last round, "The Fight," ends. The Youngbloods come in from the right to officially proclaim dear old Uncle Tyron's dignity.

the same time, he says, "I'm not going to let the terrible lack of bearing supplies such as 'Mile 6' begin to turn on Tyson and his associates." Tyson responds by threat Sonders but good—and then gets him another from falling? The commissioners now openly working on "Mile's hold up I think, come on."

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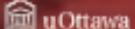
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FILM

DON'T SHOOT THE MESSENGER

In trying to explain why you shouldn't avoid *Informant*, just because you've seen last year's *Thirteen Days* movie, Anthony Lane offered this ill-advised recommendation in *The New Yorker*: "you should not see it." The same could be said of *O.J.A.P.* (*A Day of Vengeance*), another film that arrives with a load of misleading baggage. The first documentary, which manipulates real footage of George W. Bush to show him being assassinated—and of Dick Cheney giving his eulogy—was largely controversial when it premiered at the Toronto International Film Festival. And the head of the international critics' jury that awarded it a prize has been deleting death threats from his blog ever since. But the drama in documentary flag soft as anything you might expect. British writer-director Gabriel Byrne shows no glee in picturing Bush's body still dead in 2007. His scenario, wrapped with Joyce suspense, is downright chilling. And given what happens to American democracy, it's more a cautionary tale than an incentive to copycat. What's groundbreaking about *O.J.A.P.* is not its message, but how it's samples ready for fictional purposes. That's been done before, in *Zelig*, Forrest Gump and countless mishap videos on YouTube. But here the motive isn't comedy or satire. *O.J.A.P.* plays like the prototype for a new genre of political drama, *After 9/11*.

PERFORMING ARTS

A LOVE LETTER TO THE STAGE

Geffin and Sabine, the tragic, ill-illustrated series penned by British born, Bologna based, lauded Nick Bassett, like pop up books for grown ups. After an audience, Sabotage, their matinée coproduced by 100 seats on the New York Times bestseller list later, it has made the transition from page to stage, managing via Vancouver at the Arts Club Theatre on Granville Island until Nov. 4. Geffen is a lonely power-hungry artist in Britain, who falls in love with Sabine, a mysterious South Pacific shaman via email. Their correspondence is sexual, funny, dirty, and often desperate. In the play's big-

comes dialogue, adding another layer to their love story. Little is lost in translation to the stage. Nancy McDonald

SHOPPING

BABY NEEDS A NYC PAIR OF SHOES

It doesn't look like much from the outside, but Asolo Shoes in New York City (60 Broad St.) is a veritable treasure trove for little cuties. With wall-to-wall designer footwear spread over two levels, you can find everything from Miss Sixty to Marc Jacobs at a bona fide bargain. It's a well kept secret in *W Magazine* that even some mommy New Yorkers have yet to discover.

Michele Tarnopolsky

REAL FOOTAGE OF George W.
is spliced into this new Fox doc

daire Ryan Adams or the Car
dinals ("Adams" jams heavy yet
super light kicking/bass). Nelson sounds like he's having more
fun than work. He records a couple of his
own tracks, honking "new life into Rainy
Day Hotel" and "We
Don't Run." But his cover of Fleetwood Mac's long-held standby stands out—right overtake design on
My Mind" is Nelson's signature
leisure track. Skanda Devi!

BOOKS

THE HAMLET OF PRAGUE CASTLE

Peter Mordzai's reworking of *The
Age of World Deserves itself*,
the melancholy, indomitable and
doomed Holy Roman Empire who made Prague its capital
between 1348 and 1618. A ruler
who divides his kingdom between
"real" science and dethony,
Radolph employed many
of the leading intellectuals
in Europe, from Danish
astronomer Tycho Brahe to
English major John Dee.
And Mordzai also beautifully
captures a court and city whose
flourishing mixture of magic,
science and religion was crucial in
the transition from medieval to
modern thought. Brian Kellie

TV

MORE THAN JUST A SPACE FILLER

Never! Hirsh Nakamura (Masi Oka) is the most original character
of the new TV season in this
NBC drama, filled with everyday
superheroes. Nakamura stars as a scheming Japanese
office worker who manipulates
the "space-time" on *Heroes*—Star Trek-like
for playing with time.
Oka, who will write
computer programs for
George Lucas's epic
and effects firm,
adds believably
to his character's
nervously
subtly
dialogue
and serious
Patrick Hecht



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